

Aug. 5, 1967

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLACK COMEDY—A doll business created by Peter Shaffer and having to do with some difficulties that occur in a South Kensington apartment when the lights go out. John Dexter has manipulated the worthy cast very cleverly, but Mr. Shaffer's "White Lies," which serves as a curtain-raiser to "Black Comedy" is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DON'T DRINK THE WATER—Lou Jacobi, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini are among those pleasantly employed in this farce by Woody Allen. It concerns a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain and gets into trouble there. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE HOMECOMING—Harold Pinter's description of *homelife* in a North London ménage run by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the actors who perform in it are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL—Anthony Perkins, Paul Sand, and Sheila Wells are all young and enthusiastic in this comedy by Neil Simon about a protest publisher, a writing genius, and a former Olympic swimmer in San Francisco, but the end result is pretty dreary. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CACTUS FLOWER: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starched secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

CABARET—An adaptation, by Joe Masteroff, of the John van Druten play "I Am a Camera," which, in turn, was based on Christopher Isherwood's stories about Germany just before the Nazis took control. Never as effective as its source material, but the production numbers are spectacular. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HALLELUJAH, BABY!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Allen Case, and Billy Dee Williams head an excellent cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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ly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I DO! I DO!—Tom Jones' book and lyrics for this version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter" are something less than scintillating, and Harvey Schmidt's music is very simple, but the production is glossy, and the performances of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, who make up the entire cast, are superb. The direction, by Gower Champion, is laudable indeed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

ILLYA DARLING—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—THE APPLE TREE: Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer played out by Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinee performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Betty Grable now has the role of Sara Teasdale. (St. James,

44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME**: A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

MUSIC THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ABSOLUTELY FREEEE—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

AMERICA HURRAH—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ARMS AND THE MAN—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—And so on. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE MAD SHOW—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—David Atkinson is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND HIS WIFE—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. Those of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, and of Bob Dishy, as a redundant German, are especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark

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"This is silly,
I'm dancing with my eyes closed."

"I'll have the Frogs Legs Provençale... or maybe
The Tournedos Massena... but the Supreme of...
No, I think I'll have the Frogs Legs."

"Ask him to play Mood Indigo."

"Don't look now
but I could swear Johnny Carson
is sitting right behind you."

"What do you mean six bridges
all I can count are five."

"...don't get around much anymore..."

THE RAINBOW GRILL

Duke Ellington
July 31 to September 2
65th floor, Rockefeller Center, PL 7-8970

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

JUDY GARLAND—With John W. Bubbles and Jackie Vernon in a variety program. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Weeknights at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 26.)

JOSÉ GRECO—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians, in a new program. (Philharmonic Hall, TR 4-2424. Sunday, Aug. 6, at 3 and 8:30.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of *TITUS ANDRONICUS*, with Olympia Dukakis and Jack Hollander. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of Guy Lombardo's *ARABIAN NIGHTS*, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Dick Capri, who does the talking during dinner and supper in the Royal Box, speaks for himself and not for (as is the custom among standup wits) fifty million other humorists. Also present: Al Martino, who intones one-syllable lyrics in the manner of television hard-sell. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a credit to its chosen profession, is there most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Peace on earth is the principal commodity of the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from a Cliff Hall band, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. The music plays Mondays through Fridays from eight to one, and Saturdays from eight to two.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—William Makepeace Thackeray slept here (though not soundly), which is how he got the idea for "Vanity Fair." Lester Lanin (in person, not a myth) runs one band, George Anaya runs another. Closed Sundays. The summer holidays may begin after curfew on Saturday, Aug. 5.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of the last of our real social circles is the Café Pierre. The society notes are turned out by the hand-picked men of Ben Cutler's best band, which is supplemented, between sets, by Brazilian guitar and song. Business as usual every night of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Michele Lee, young thing about town, is taking up night life, and singing, in the Persian Room, where she is on display at ten during the week and at both dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Other times, the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of

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bandsmen collected by Mark Monte do their best. Closed Sundays. . . . **Leo LeFleur's** piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine Mondays through Thursdays in the Edwardian Room. . . . **Gunnar Hansen's** violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—No fiddler on *this* roof. Instead, the sound, bold and contemporary, issues from such Hall of Fame occupants as Duke Ellington, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Paul Gonsalves, Cat Anderson, and Lawrence Brown. The music carries on from seven (another group is used for openers) until two, Sundays not included.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Servings of sweetness and light have been added to the rations since the band of Carmen Cavallaro moved in. It is on deck from eight until two every evening but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—There's no place to go but down after one has lived to the full the life after dark that goes on on this altiplano. George Cort's small group of firebrands and Marco Rizo's band pulsate from eight to two every night but Sunday and Monday.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The largest stretch of *rus in urbe* we own, equipped with trees, fireflies, open air, and dance tunes (both Latin and Manhattan) every feasible night of the week, beginning at seven-thirty and lasting until half-past twelve or even later. Everybody into the gym if it rains.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the fox-trot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Visiting privileges are freely granted, for everyone seems to have known everyone else in this country club forever. The professors at the cheerful pianos are Goldie Hawkins, proprietor, and his permanent guests—Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Solo music all the time, except when, after the theatre, it evolves into double-or-nothing piano. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): At times, everybody who knows the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through

Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . .

TAMBURLAINE, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Outer Mongolian landscape, but from eight to one you can hear dance music, which most of the time is done by Allan Haig and his threesome. Mondays, the trio is replaced by Billy Rubenstein's triad, and Sundays everyone is at rest. . . . **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one (done in the new manner of the musical-comedy ancestral drawing room) should do. It encases an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Roman Pub, which retains the engrossing murals it had when it was the Seven Hills, has got around again to dance music, nine until two, from Tuesday through Saturday. It's made by a soft-spoken trio led by Joan St. James, whose piano has a neat, meticulous, Juilliard sound. The dining is no more than snack.

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee let it be one of these: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No-room-at-the-inn is a standing (or standing-room-only) problem, so make known your coming. Brace yourself, too, against the music (the living, breathing Georgie Porgie and the Crybabies, plus the hot-line ministrations of a disc jockey), for it has the fury of a March wind and the ideo of the same month. The reward: a look at the fashions (in clothes and in conduct) of our gilded lilies and their consorts. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which young ladies who will be goddesses if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the draw-bridge of the comfortable old castle, is on holiday, but another violinist is on tap, from dinner until late, every night but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vo-



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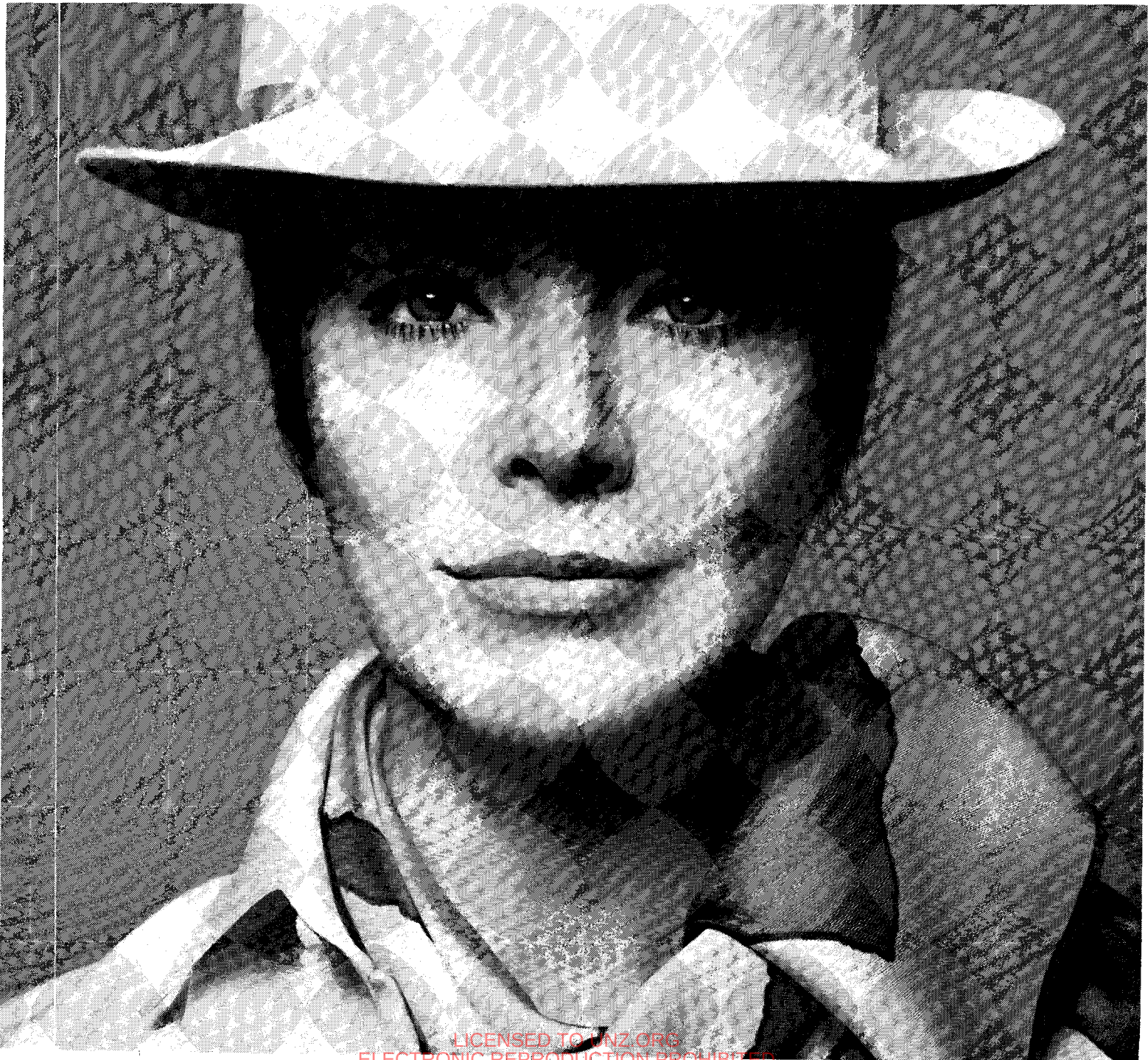
The beautifully made-up mouth. Where has it been? Estée Lauder makes pales a thing of the past with her new color collection of Re-Nutriv lipsticks: The Positive Pinks and The Confident Corals. Pinks range from warm and sunny to strongly-mauved. Corals go from pink-cast to vibrant-orange. And underneath this fresh warmth, a wealth of good things are happening. Re-Nutriv, Estée Lauder's rich creme of creams, is whipped right into the full-bodied formula to make your mouth feel smoother, look younger. Be positive wearing pink. Feel confident wearing coral.

THE POSITIVE PINKS: PINK SUN, PINK ROSE, PINK MAUVE

THE CONFIDENT CORALS: CORAL PEACH, CORAL GOLD, CORAL TANGERINE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave., at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its townhouse days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzo Lembo slings a lusty guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does homework, though, on Mondays and Wednesdays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The jokes are told by Murray Roman, a young man with ideas that, though they have growing pains, are sure to amount to something; the songs are sung by Marilyn Maye, an assiduous compiler of albums who has ventured into night life without a single one of her studio sound engineers. And there are always the Copa ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs. Dancing for the customers, too. On Thursday, Aug. 10, a new deal: the Temptations, the latest pride and jiving joy of the teeny-boppers. ... In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The only logistics problem here is bringing on the girls, and it is solved by bringing them on in heaping handfuls. The extravaganza in which they are involved is enlarged by Dick Shawn, a garrulous chap who stems from the Broadway baronies. Mr. Shawn's final colloquies occur on Tuesday, Aug. 8. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing. ... **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The flash in the pans of the very young, the very mini, who inhabit this bold new world comes from the strobe lights that make up the ceiling; the music, never out of sight (it's produced by real people) but definitely out of mind, is ceaseless and chaotic. The clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. No dining, and a bar that believes a soft drink turn-eth away wrath. ... **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): That's how the kookie crumbles, and the hippie, too. Music for them to crumble to comes from unearthly spheres; the light in which they disintegrate comes from an aurora borealis that is man-made, man! Dancing, or watching, from eight-thirty until three or four; lofty, cool (in every sense), *alkohol-frei*, and fun. No dining.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Many are the true words spoken and sung in jest (or *are* they in jest?) by the arcane Michael Brown, temporarily restored to night life by Julius Monk, entrepreneur of this seemingly educational institution. The One Plus Two, the incumbent glee club, often sings its folklore and madrigals with its tongue in its cheek—a clever trick, any way you look at or hear it. When these amusers are not at play, Otis Clements and Robert Colston turn their two pianos into a dazzling orchestra. Mr. Brown signs off on Saturday, Aug. 5, but on Monday, Aug. 7, Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra, who represent Ruritania at the U.N., return to their desks to get to work on their ration of political dynamite. Closed Sundays. ... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Very warm, even for August, is the weather produced by Los Chavales de España, who (throughout the dinner and sup-

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per hours) sing, play, march, and counter-march their sturdy hearts out. Though, as loyal Spaniards, they believe in male supremacy, they this season come equipped with a set of activist ballerinas. Dancing, too, for the patrons, who are a match for nearly anyone. Closed Sundays. ... In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Play-offs of Mixed Doubles," a fair-enough collection of skits and schizoid situation comedies presented in revue form, occurs at nine-thirty and twelve. The player-offer to watch and listen to is the cool little Judy Graubart. Closed Sundays. ... **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The local quintet is in the care of John Handy, an alto man who has blown and flown with the best. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen vociferous sidemen. ... **SHEP-HEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Friday, Aug. 4, is shut-down time for Rubin Mitchell, his threesome, and his stormy-petrel piano. It is shut-down time, too, for the establishment itself, which is to go on vacation. ... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The rewards for steady attendance here are operating in the grotto—the quartet of Thelonious Monk, a leading abstractionist-obscurantist piano man, as well as the trio of the *outré* Ornette Coleman, who is in the midst of a reform wave. On the ground floor, a set of three, never before heard in New York, is headed by Johnny Lytle. N.B.: All these hands are absent Mondays, when the grotto hums to the perverfud exultations of this or that band of Latinos. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A new organization, Roy Meriwether's trio, is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Fran Thompson gets to the piano. Silence on Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. ... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the

age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. ... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—wash-board, tuba, and such. There's a Sunday session, four-thirty to nine, as well as the usual Sunday-night din. ... **SLUGS**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Tom Sawyer would have had this old board fence whitewashed; the kids who hang out along it nowadays are intent only on the music, at present the product of Big John Patton's foursome. As of Tuesday, Aug. 8, the new lot will be the ensemble run by Cecil Taylor, whose involute piano is hither, thither, and dither. Sun Ra's squad of ten cabalists fills in on Mondays. ... **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night. ... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The only live sound happens on Sundays, when the varying personnel of Jazz Interactions works out in a five-to-nine matinee. ... **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The Elvin Jones quintet, upon which the hopes of many advanced thinkers are pinned, is in residence. The music runs from nine to four, except Mondays. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The situation could very well be like this: Friday through Sunday, Aug. 4-6, a seventeen-man blow-in led by Frank Foster; every Monday, a sit-in by this or that crew of wandering minstrels. ... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): No one is going to get high on the coffee and ice cream, but Jake Holmes and his folk arias, carefully chosen and thoughtfully sung, may be inspiration enough. The Pickle Brothers, novitiate wits, are also present. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JO DAVIDSON (1883-1952)—Portraits in bronze, terra cotta, and plaster by this sculptor of famous men; through Aug. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Thirty-four watercolors from the I.B.M. collection, including works by Homer, Demuth, Marin, Burchfield, LaFarge, Shinn, and Wyeth; through Sept. 1. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslav art gallery here; through Aug. 31. (Adria Art Gallery, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by leading artists, among them Mordecai Ardon and Yaacov Agam, on loan from private collections; through Aug. 31. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and thirteen paintings, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the present (Manet, Degas, Renoir, and Monet are included) and borrowed from New York collectors; through Sept. 4. ... Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4. ... A selection of eight-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, including color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24. . . . Twenty-four drawings and watercolors and one painting by Lyonel Feininger, all depicting a ruined fourteenth-century Gothic church on the Baltic coast; through Sept. 17. . . . An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 4. . . . Drawings and photomontages by three Viennese architects in which mechanical objects (an aircraft carrier, a turbine, a spark plug) are transformed into buildings and monuments; through Sept. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of selections from the bequest of the private collection of Mrs. Albert C. Barnes, consisting of twenty-two oils, pastels, watercolors, and prints by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans, including Soutine, Rousseau, Delacroix, and Glackens; through Aug. 27. . . . Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show illustrating the art of traditional Chinese medicine, including instruments, anatomical figures and charts, a model of a Chinese pharmacy, sculptures, and paintings; through Aug. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31. . . . A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Over twenty mural-size canvases and two monumental painted-steel sculptures by, among others, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Al

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Held, Alex Katz, and Fairfield Porter; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24. . . . While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

MOZART FESTIVAL—A five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs—Thursday, Aug. 3: The Hungarian Quartet, with David Glazer, clarinet. . . . Friday, Aug. 4: Jorge Mester conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Abbey Simon, piano, and Loren Glickman, bassoon. . . . Saturday, Aug. 5: Friedrich Gulda, piano. . . . Monday, Aug. 7: Gerhard Samuel conducting the orchestra, with Maria Clodes, piano. . . . Tuesday, Aug. 8: The Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, with Jorge Bolet, piano, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . Wednesday, Aug. 9: Gerhard Samuel conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Gulda and Carole Bogard, soprano. . . . Thursday, Aug. 10: The Guarneri String Quartet, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . Friday and Saturday, Aug. 11-12: Boris Goldovsky conducting the orchestra in a program of excerpts from a dozen operas, with Miss Bogard, Jeannine Crader, and Benita Valente, sopranos; Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Allen Cathcart and Jon Humphrey, tenors; Thomas Palmer and Julian Patrick, baritones; and James Joyce, bass. (Philharmonic Hall, TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30. Through Thursday, Aug. 31.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: Seiji Ozawa conducting the New York Philharmonic in the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. (Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30.) . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Bronx: Seiji Ozawa conducting a repeat performance of the Philharmonic's Prospect Park concert. The second of two concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30.) . . . **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside: Seiji Ozawa conducting another performance of the Philharmonic's Prospect Park concert. The second of two

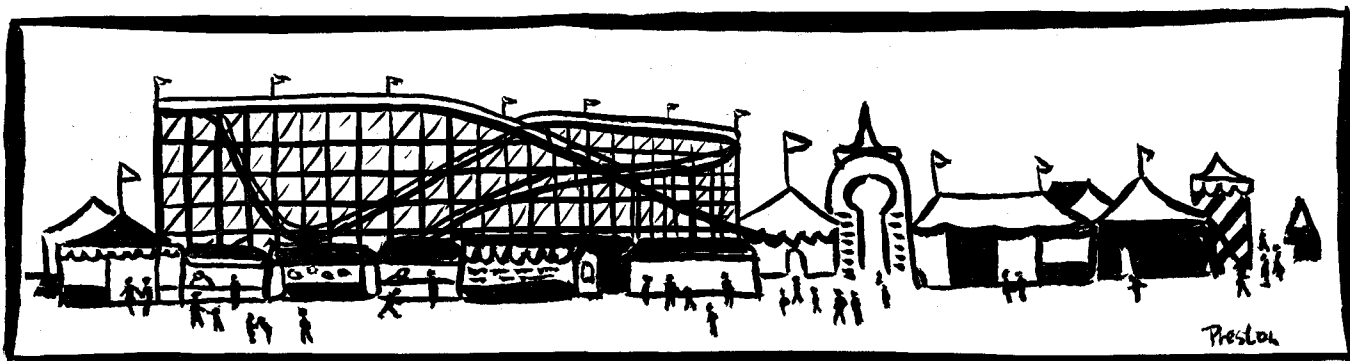
concerts. (Sunday, Aug. 6, at 8:30.) . . . **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island: Alfred Wallenstein conducting the Philharmonic in the second of two concerts, this one with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 8:30.) . . . **CENTRAL PARK MALL**: Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 13.) . . . **WOLLMAN RINK**: Pop, rock, jazz, folk singers and musicians, and Lord knows what else, brewed and bottled by the Rheingold people and presented Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The concerts start at 8, and some are repeated at 10:30. (For information about times and tickets, call 249-8870.) During the next week, keep an eye out for the Mitchell Trio, Ferrante and Teicher, and Arthur Prysock.

JAZZ—MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GARDEN: Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Barry Harris and the Webb City All-Stars. . . . Thursday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: The Lee Konitz-Marshall Brown quartet. (11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.) . . . **RANDALLS ISLAND**: Saturday, Aug. 12, at 7: Ray Charles and his orchestra, Aretha Franklin, Arthur Prysock, Sonny Stitt, Billy Taylor's trio, and others. . . . Sunday, Aug. 13, at 6: Gloria Lynne, Jimmy Smith's trio, Horace Silver's quintet, Les McCann's trio, Sonny Stitt, and others. (Downing Stadium. For tickets, call LT 1-0933 between noon and 6.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 4, at 7: A lieder recital by Hanne-Lore Kuhse, soprano. . . . Friday, Aug. 4, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Theodore Lettvin, piano. . . . Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing Beethoven's "Fidelio" in concert form, with Miss Kuhse and Mary Ellen Pracht, sopranos; George Shirley and Nico Castel, tenors; Tom Krause, baritone; Ara Berberian, bass; the Tanglewood Choir; and the Berkshire Chorus. . . . Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Brahms program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . Tuesday, Aug. 8, at 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . Friday, Aug. 11, at 7: John Browning, piano, in a Rachmaninoff-Prokofiev recital. . . . Friday, Aug. 11, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . Sunday, Aug. 13, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Browning. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Thursday, Aug. 3: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . Friday, Aug. 4: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the orchestra in an all-Brahms program, with Mr. Cliburn. . . . Saturday, Aug. 5: Charles Munch conducting a Berlioz-Ravel program, with Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer, piano. . . . Sunday, Aug. 6: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. . . . Monday, Aug. 7: Joan Baez, folk singer. . . . Thursday, Aug. 10: Lorin Maazel conducting the



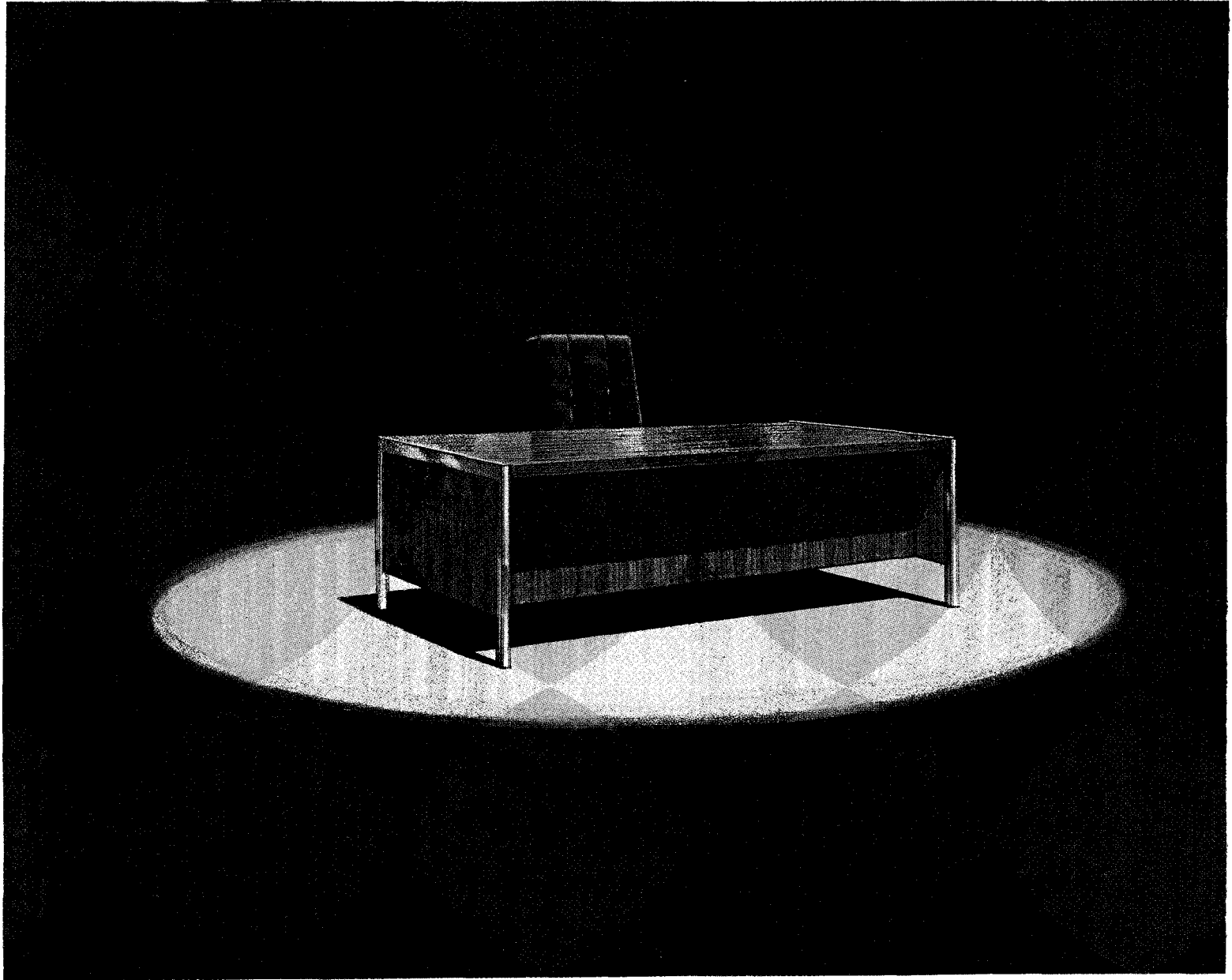
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Philadelphia Orchestra; no soloists...

♫ Friday, Aug. 11: Eugene Ormandy conducting the orchestra, with Szymon Goldberg, violin. ... ♫ Saturday, Aug. 12: Lorin Maazel conducting; no soloists. ... ♫ Sunday, Aug. 13: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 27. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, Aug. 5, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya. ... ♫ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 3:30: Theodore Bikel. (Lenox, Mass.)

JACO'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Solveig Oestergaard and Niels Kehlet, and Olatunji and his company. ... ♫ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 8-12: Patricia McBride and Edward Vilella, Carmen de Lavallade, and Yess Hakoshima. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Merce Cunningham and his company. ... ♫ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 3: Merce Cunningham and Lucas Hoving and their companies. ... ♫ Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Ruth Currier and her company, and Paul Draper. ... ♫ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. ... ♫ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 3: The Paul Taylor Dance Company, and Pauline Koner. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. California, Thursday, Aug. 3, at 2. ... **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2. ... ♫ Mets vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Aug. 8, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 2. ... ♫ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 10-11, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 12, at 2:15.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 3-6.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 5.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. ... **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Test, Thursday, Aug. 3; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 5; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 12. ... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) ... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 7, through Thursday, Oct. 12. (Buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

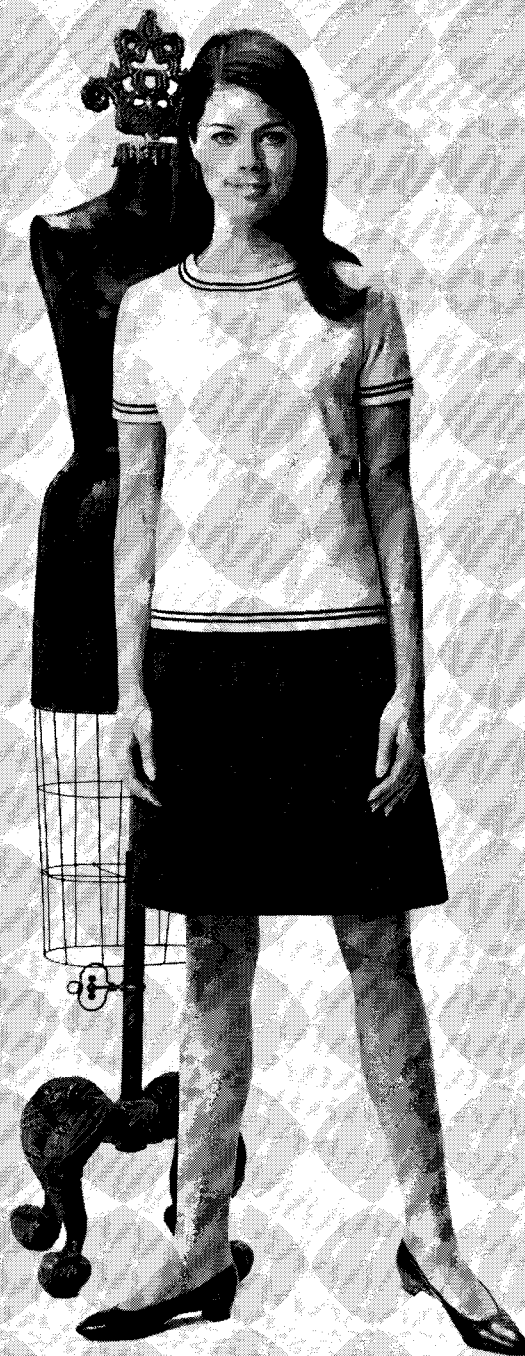
SOCCER—National Professional Soccer League at Yankee Stadium—Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:30: Generals vs. Pittsburgh Phantoms. ... ♫ Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 8: Generals vs. Baltimore Bays. ... ♫ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8: Generals vs. Oakland Clippers.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 6.) ... ♫ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 7-13.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.) ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

ET ALIA

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ous commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Aug. 3 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Aug. 4 at 2 and 5:30: Two programs of short French films. ... Aug. 5 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Whistle Down the Wind" (1960), with Hayley Mills and Alan Bates. ... Aug. 6-7, at 2 and 5:30: "Two Daughters" (1961), directed by Satyajit Ray, in Bengali. ... Aug. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "The Death of a Cyclist" (1955), directed by Juan Bardem, in Spanish. ... Aug. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), directed by René Clair. ... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Five programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." Aug. 3: "Royal Wedding" (1951), with Fred Astaire and Jane Powell. ... Aug. 4: "Show Boat" (1952), with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel. ... Aug. 5-6: "An American in Paris" (1951), with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. ... Aug. 8: "Kismet" (1955), with Howard Keel and Ann Blyth. ... Aug. 9: "The Band Wagon" (1953), with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) ... **NOTE**: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Aug. 13, Aug. 22-23, Aug. 25-27, and Sept. 6-10. ... **YANKEE STADIUM**: Aug. 14-20, Aug. 28-Sept. 5, Sept. 12-13, and Sept. 15.

BOXING—Carlos Ortiz vs. Ismael Laguna, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. (Shea Stadium. Aug. 16.)

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 10.)

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Aug. 24-27.)

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 2-4.) ... North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 7-10.) ... Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 14-17.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 9 and 16.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Aug. 28-Dec. 9.

SOCCER—Generals vs. Philadelphia Spartans. (Yankee Stadium. Aug. 26.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **WATKINS GLEN**: Aug. 19. ... **LIME ROCK PARK**, Lime Rock, Conn.: Aug. 26. ... **THOMPSON RACEWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Sept. 3-4.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Aug. 14-20.) ... U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 20-27.) ... National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 31-Sept. 10.)

YACHTING—America's Cup final trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Aug. 15.) ... Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 23-27.) ... America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 12.)

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera Verdi Festival, at Newport, R.I., Aug. 17-26.

BALLET—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Sept. 5-Oct. 1.

OTHER DATES—Holiday on Ice, at Madison Square Garden. Aug. 30-Sept. 17. ... Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 1-17. ... Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 4. ... Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, Sept. 15.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

ACCIDENT—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK—Neil Simon specializes in affixing shiny lines to a gossamer plot, and his adaptation of his Broadway play makes an admirable movie. With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

THE BIBLE—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

BLOW-UP—A beautiful, lyrical, but disappointing melodrama about contemporary London, written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

ENTER LAUGHING—Comedy about show biz in the thirties, directed by Carl Reiner from his own novel, with José Ferrer as a histrionic actor-manager and Elaine May as his lanky actress daughter. Miss May's originality and funniness make the trade film worth seeing. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

THE FAMILY WAY—Dulled film of a good stage play about the brutish jocularity of the North-of-England working class toward young marrieds. Hayley Mills is said to have grown up in this film, which is a lie, though she plays a bride. John Mills is at his crustiest, roaring sentimental songs at the piano like a Bible-bashing patriarch. The Boulting Brothers produced and directed. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE—Yves Montand is the superb star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

KING OF HEARTS—A fantasy about a soldier at the end of the First World War, alone on a mission in a French village deserted by everyone except lunatics and animals. Philippe de Broca rescues it from feyness and makes some of it touching and strange. In French and English. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

LUV—Murray Schisgal's play, opened out (oh, yuh) for the screen. But Jack Lemmon is comically glum, and Elaine May is riveting, wearing clothes that she deals with as if they somehow had nothing to do with her, like Bea Lillie. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

MY SISTER, MY LOVE—A gifted Swedish director, Vilgot Sjöman, and a cast that includes Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle make this tale of family woe well worth seeing. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

PRIVILEGE—A jagged vision of England in the grip of show-biz idolatry and shady power games. Paul Jones is a pop singer; Jean Shrimpton, as his girl friend, fights for the last vestige of private life in a world of P.R. men, agents, and flesh-trading hacks. Startlingly photographed and edited, and directed by Peter Watkins with an unmistakable passion for film-making. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—In which the direc-

tor, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting Aug. 9.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE—A funny but over-long satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

TO SIR, WITH LOVE—A Negro schoolteacher instills righteousness into a class of London East End teen-agers. The film offers Sidney Poitier, miniskirts, and rock, but not much to rescue the story from priggishness. Directed by James Clavell, who adapted it from a novel by E. R. Braithwaite. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

ULYSSES—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Rooves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE WAR GAME—The time is the near future, and London is under enemy fire. A grim, compelling account of what had better not befall us, well directed by Peter Watkins. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 9.)

WOMAN TIMES SEVEN—Shirley MacLaine changing characters and makeup seven times in a compendium that adds up to someone's notion of Total Woman—someone in a gaggy mood who has spent his life in an igloo reading women's-advice columns. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, without much trace. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. ... Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Aug. 6.)

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE—The new James Bond, with the "true" 007, Sean Connery, and the true technological rampaging of the original producers, Saltzman and Broccoli. But there is less implicit self-mockery than before, and the sadism has grown a bit brutish. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. ... Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Aug. 8.)

REVIVALS

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 3.)

LE BONHEUR (1966)—Agnès Varda has written a story about how to have happiness and lose it. She also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his family. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," "Dough and Dynamite," and "His Prehistoric Past," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

THE CONJUGAL BED (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND (1966)—James Coburn executes what is surely the most complicated bank holdup of all time.

Written and directed by Bernard Girard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 8-9.)

ECLIPSE (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 8.)

THE ENDLESS SUMMER (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 8.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 8.)

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 8.)

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 4-7.)

THE NAKED PREY (1966)—Cornel Wilde, director and actor, running away from enraged African tribesmen. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 8.)

LA NOTTE (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 8.)

ONE-EYED JACKS (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 4-5.)

OPEN CITY (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

PHAEDRA (1962)—A modern version of the old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

SANJURO (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 4-7.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—The Disney classic. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Aug. 8.)

SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 3.)

A TASTE OF HONEY (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson. With Rita Tushingham. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 9.)

THE TRIAL (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 9.)

12 ANGRY MEN (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 6-7.)

VARIETY LIGHTS (1950)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Latuada. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

THE WRONG BOX (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 8.)

FILM LIBRARIES—See listing under "Et Alia," page 12.

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
LUV.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
FAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
ENTER LAUGHING.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The St. Valentine's Day Massacre," Jason Robards, George Segal.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 8: LA NOTTE and ECLIPSE (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Aug. 9: THE WAR GAME; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 8: THE ENDLESS SUMMER, revival; and "Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.
From Aug. 9: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Surfari," a documentary film on surfing.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Aug. 8: "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.
From Aug. 9: "Bonnie and Clyde," Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Ski on the Wild Side," a documentary film on skiing.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
PRIVILEGE.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Aug. 8: YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.
From Aug. 9: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
LUV.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
ENTER LAUGHING.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Aug. 8: SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, revival.
Aug. 9: TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE, revival; and THE TRIAL, revival.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FAMILY WAY.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The St. Valentine's Day Massacre," Jason Robards, George Segal.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Aug. 6: WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.
From Aug. 7: "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 8: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (in Italian), Totò.
From Aug. 9: To be announced.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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6	7	8	9	3	4	5

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE
AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE
PAGE

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The War Wagon," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "The Perils of Pauline," Pamela Austin, Pat Boone.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)

Aug. 3: THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian), revival; and SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French), revival.

Aug. 4-7: SANJURO (in Japanese), revival; and THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian), revival.

From Aug. 8: M (in German), revival; and "The Night Watch" (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Through Aug. 8: THE ENDLESS SUMMER, revival; and THE NAKED PREY, revival.

From Aug. 9: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

BLOW-UP.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)

"The War Wagon," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "The Perils of Pauline," Pamela Austin, Pat Boone.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

"Ski on the Wild Side," a documentary film on skiing.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)

KING OF HEARTS (in French and English).

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)

"The Whisperers," Edith Evans, Eric Portman.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Aug. 3: "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.

Aug. 4-5: ONE-EYED JACKS, revival; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

Aug. 6-7: 12 ANGRY MEN, revival; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.

Aug. 8-9: DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND, revival; and "The Appaloosa," revival, Marlon Brando.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Aug. 8: THE WRONG BOX, revival; and A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM, revival.

From Aug. 9: "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward; and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Aug. 3: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; and five short films on opera and dance.

Aug. 4: VARIETY LIGHTS and OPEN CITY (both in Italian and both revivals).

Aug. 5: LE BONHEUR (in French), revival; and THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian), revival.

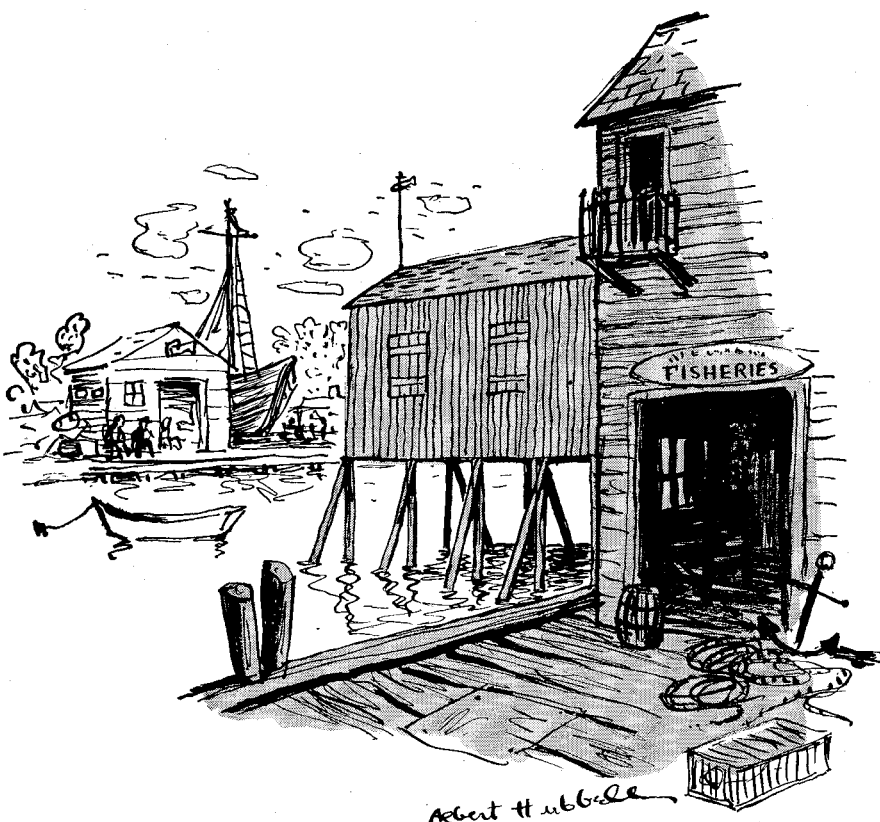
Aug. 6: PHAEDRA, revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.

Aug. 7: THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER, revival; and A TASTE OF HONEY, revival.

Aug. 8: "Desire Under the Elms," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

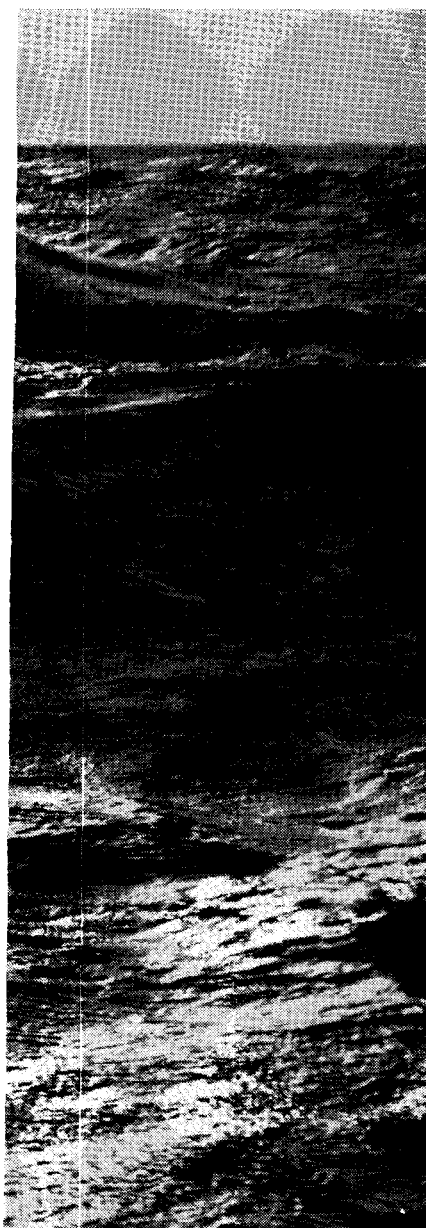
Aug. 9: CHAPLIN COMEDIES (silent); plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

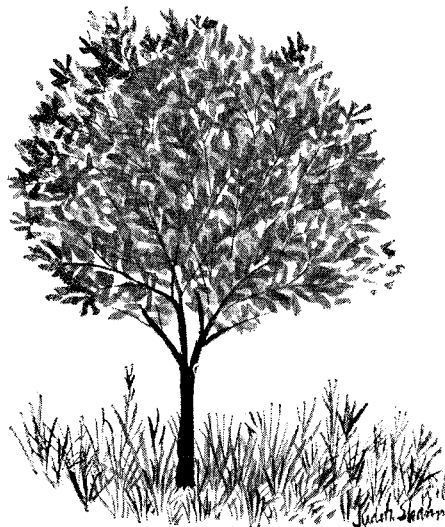
THE tragedy is that one could stand, as we did last week, in the midst of sniping and looting in the Puerto Rican ghetto of Manhattan and be grateful that one wasn't in Detroit. Rioting, too, has become relative. We watch New York policemen aiming, but not firing, pistols at rooftops and windows and are thankful, as bottles smash around us on the sidewalk, that the police are refraining from the indiscriminate fire that we witnessed in the Newark rioting two weeks ago. At the rioting, we meet men we know—reporters who have been through these things before and are becoming experienced in the art of avoiding the rain of bottles, bricks, Molotov cocktails, and sniper fire and at the same time keeping close enough to report on it all. And if reporters are developing a sad degree of sophistication about rioting, so are the country's municipalities. The East Harlem rioting, for instance, appeared to be following a familiar pattern—from the early-evening buildup of police to meet the first Monday-evening disturbances in East Harlem to the thundershower that cleared Third Avenue just before dawn Tuesday. "Rain is the best cop we have," said one of a half-dozen officials huddled around Chief Inspector Sanford D. Garelik under a metal awning near 110th Street as a flotilla of Sanitation Department sweepers cleared the rubble from the water-choked pavement.

The area of this latest—and, we trust, last—outbreak of violence in New York is easy to delineate. The Puerto Rican ghetto, El Barrio, extends north from Ninety-sixth Street to 125th Street and west from the East River to the Park Avenue viaduct that carries New York Central and New Haven trains into the air above Harlem. We crossed East Ninety-sixth Street—and nowhere is there a more

marked barrier between the affluent society and the ghetto than East Ninety-sixth Street—late Monday evening, after it had become apparent that the mood of violence that had racked Newark and was seizing Detroit had implanted itself in East Harlem. By that time, two residents of the Puerto Rican ghetto were dead (one of them was a volunteer social worker with a record of accomplishment in the community), at least twelve were injured, and waves of looters and police were surging north and south along Second, Third, and Lexington Avenues. The ostensible cause of the unrest was the fatal shooting of a Puerto Rican, early Sunday morning, by a police officer, who had found him standing over another man and brandishing a knife. Witnesses to the occurrence upheld the patrolman's report that he had fired only after his partner had been cut by the attacking knife-wielder, but word nevertheless spread that the victim had been fired upon without reason by police who were breaking up a crap game. There were only a few scattered incidents the day after the shooting, but with Monday's dawn a mood of mingled expectation and tension came over El Barrio. All summer, the city had

been bracing itself against possible manifestations of this mood. Police officials had drawn up mobilization plans for potential trouble spots, and on Sunday and Monday not only patrolmen from precincts throughout the city but the élite—and feared—Tactical Patrol Force filtered into the ghetto. It should be said, however, particularly in the light of what happened in Newark, that the New York police went to exceptional lengths to avoid confrontations. And yet the rioting broke out, as it had been expected to do, just after dark on Monday. So predictable had it been that the first spasms of violence were caught by television cameramen who had staked out advantageous positions well in advance. One crew never did get a chance to set itself up. As four television crewmen from the American Broadcasting Company were cruising slowly north on Third Avenue in a Chevrolet sedan, a mob caught up with them, and they fled from their vehicle into a tenement, taking refuge in a first-floor apartment, from the windows of which they watched helplessly as their car was set afire.

Those early flames in East Harlem represented more than the annihilation of a vehicle. They were also visible proof that nearly three million dollars in anti-poverty funds and some of the nation's most intensive community-project work had been insufficient to counter the feeling of separation and rejection that had so long afflicted the Spanish-speaking ghetto. To keep the lid on El Barrio, two sometimes conflicting anti-poverty groups, the East Harlem Tenants Council and the Massive Economic Neighborhood Development, or MEND, had, between them, received city funds of \$2,599,630 for the year ending September 30th and federal funds of \$205,407 for the summer. The neighborhood had also been the beneficiary of a good share of the Summer in the City program of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese. And the



Police Department itself had been particularly conscientious in El Barrio. In fact, one of the city's model police-precinct community councils was formed in the Twenty-third Precinct, which shares the responsibility for El Barrio with the Twenty-fifth Precinct, just to the north.

We were somewhat familiar with the Twenty-third Precinct. A little more than a year ago, at a seminar held at the Casita María-Carver Community Center, on East 102nd Street, we had heard Dr. Harold Lett, a specialist in community relations for the National Council of Christians and Jews, define for high-ranking members of the police force the problems of the minorities. Anyone who belongs to a minority race, he said, "is considered different because he is highly visible," and he continued, "He is present in numbers large enough to irritate us, and he usually represents a threat to the economic or social peace of the community. There is often an absence of direct communication with minorities, and the vacuum is filled by rumors. A minority person is exploited in jobs and in housing, and he usually reacts

to criticism from the outside world with extreme defensiveness." It was the Twenty-third Precinct, then, that we made for on Monday night when we heard the first reports of trouble. To our surprise, we encountered little difficulty in driving into the area. As we headed south on Lexington Avenue, a block from the station house, on East 104th Street, we found ourself stopped by an overturned trash can. As we were about to drive around it, we glanced up the hill into the block ahead and spotted a youth with another trash can at the ready, awaiting our approach. Warily, we backed down the hill and found a sheltered parking place.

At the station house, we saw that the situation had passed beyond the stage of seminars on community relations. Outside the building, a sergeant, his head bandaged, was being interviewed by a radio reporter. The sergeant explained that he had suffered a direct hit from a bottle during the melee on Third Avenue that followed the burning of the television car. "I heard shouts and turned the corner, and all I really had time to see was this bunch of kids. That's what really bothered me—

they all looked around nine years old. They were all throwing bottles, and one of the bottles came out of the air, and don't ask me what happened after that."

On the steps of the station house, three young girls were talking to a young patrolman guarding the door. "We came to see about my mother's husband," one of them was saying. "There were bottles, and your men came into our house, and he was hit."

"If he didn't do anything, there wouldn't be any charge against him," the patrolman said. "Did you try Metropolitan Hospital?"

"It was such a terrible thing," another of the girls said, paying no attention to his question.

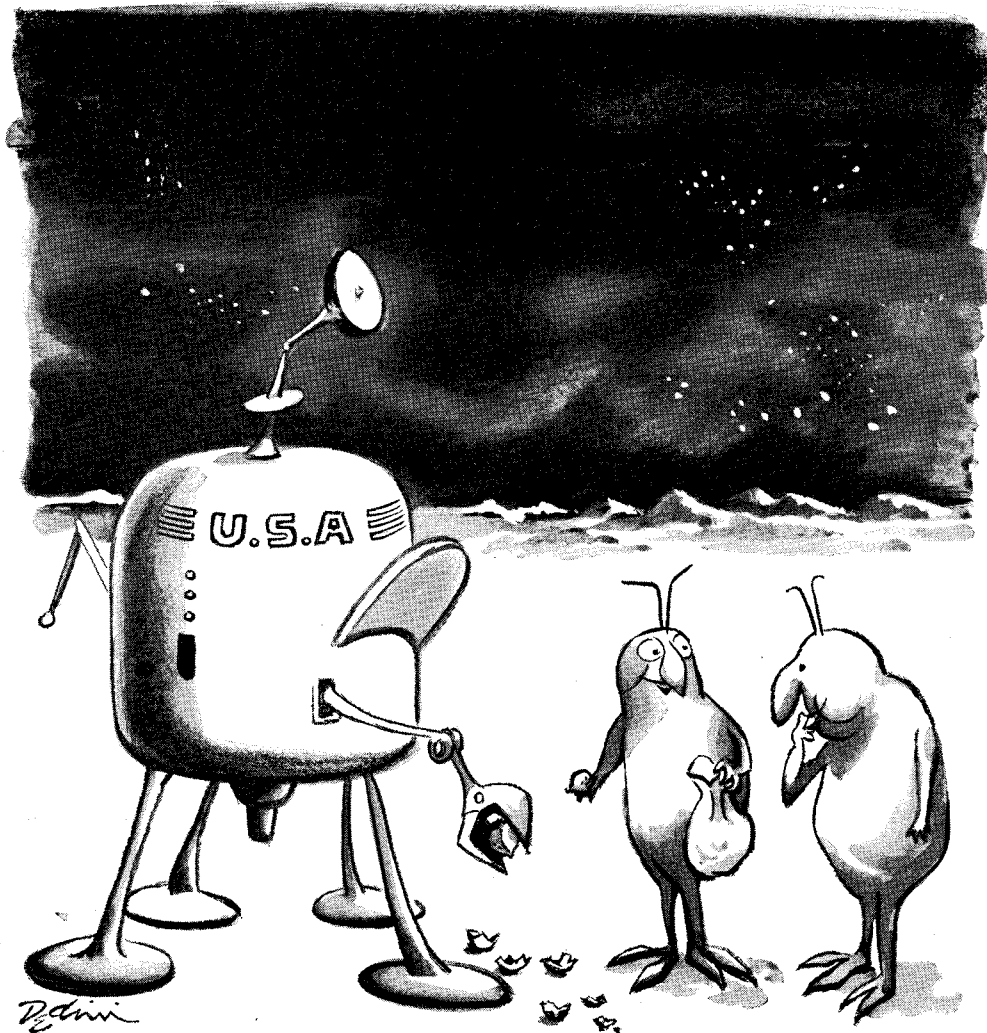
"He was sitting there, and they came in and hit him," the third girl chimed in, her voice rising. "It was terrible. He wasn't throwing anything, or even doing anything at all."

A second later, all three girls were speaking at once, in a torrent of English and Spanish.

"Hold it," the patrolman said. "Don't holler at me, girls."

One girl checked herself, with a visible effort. "I am not hollering," she said, trying hard to control the pitch of her voice. "This is the way I always talk."

Leaving the station house, we threaded our way between clusters of policemen and neighborhood residents toward Third Avenue. East 104th Street, we soon learned, was representative of every cross-town street in El Barrio. Though it was midnight, men, women, and an appalling number of children crowded stoops, windows, fire escapes, and sidewalks. But it was Third Avenue, more or less bisecting the ghetto from Ninety-sixth to 125th, that was obviously the focus of tension. With groups of police standing at all the corners and glancing apprehensively into the side streets, Third Avenue presented an eerie, desolate picture. The ABC-TV sedan, burned out now, angled away from the curb. At 109th Street, the police had set up their operations and communications headquarters, and there the Deputy Commissioner for Press Relations, Jacques Nevard, was supplying reporters with rioting statistics. A block to the north, a line had been chalked across



"Why do you think they'd send a nutcracker all this far?"

the street, along with the legend "Puerto Rican border. Do not cross, flatfoot." At 111th Street, as if to substantiate the claim, jubilant youths were carrying the last pieces of portable property from a gas station. "They cleaned me out," the station's manager told a reporter. "They even took the cockroach bomb." The rest of the night resembled, more than anything else, a relay race by police cars, as they scurried up and down Third Avenue in response to threats by taunting gangs of youths who appeared poised to break out onto or across Third Avenue. Now and then, a bottle arched out from a darkened side street to smash on the pavement at the feet of a patrolman, but there was no retaliation. The patrolmen merely took firmer grips on their nightsticks and held their ground on the corners. Finally, at a quarter to three in the morning, the bottle-throwing died away as the rain began to fall—gentle drops at first, building up until the water was coming down in sheets. By three, the street was practically deserted. The patrolmen were given permission

to take shelter in doorways or in their cars, and we, being thoroughly soaked, too, sought the protection of a metal awning in front of a furniture store on Third between 109th and 110th Streets. It was there that we found, along with a number of other high-ranking police refugees from the storm, Chief Inspector Garelik.

"Enjoying the rain?" we asked.

"Very much," the Chief Inspector said. "But as far as I'm concerned, it's about five hours late. If it had come in time, we'd have saved two lives."

Eventually, when the rain slackened, we made our way back to our car and drove home—and learned from the morning *Times* that the physical and psychological damage that had horrified us in El Barrio had been slight by contrast with that suffered by Detroit, into which President Johnson had ordered Army paratroopers. An old friend of ours, Burton Gordin, is executive director of the Michigan State Civil Rights Commission, and we phoned him, in Detroit, to compare notes. "It's awful out here," he reported. "The snipers have taken over." The danger from gunshots, fire, and random vio-

lence might be the same, but the Detroit riots, he told us, differed in tone as well as in magnitude from those in New York and Newark, and even from the one in Watts. "The madness started in Negro areas, but it quickly ceased to be a racial matter," Gordin said. "Whites are burning, looting, and sniping, too. It's really the have-nots of American society saying, 'We're going to have a piece of the American affluence, and if it means rioting, then we'll riot.' The targets don't seem to be racial. The stores that are being gutted are the liquor, food, drug, appliance, and furniture stores that supply the affluence." By this time, Gordin went on, the looting and the fires that followed had extended even to the wealthier parts of the city. "One of the things we have been proudest of in Detroit is that Negroes here are not contained in one tight area. I guess you could say that that has boomeranged. People who have flown over Detroit say it looks like Berlin after the Second World War."

We asked how long he thought it would take Detroit to recover.

"It will never recover," he said. "There will be parts of this city that

won't be rebuilt for generations—though maybe it's best that the slums shouldn't be. You know, this state and this city were models in civil rights, and now it's all down the drain. If it can happen here, it can happen anywhere."

With that perspective, we returned the following evening to El Barrio, where it was also happening, just before dark. That Tuesday, in New York, was hot and muggy—prime rioting weather—but at least this time the rain wasn't late. It caught us on Third Avenue about a block from the 109th Street police command post. We gained a dry doorway where a patrolman and a Puerto Rican man in his early twenties were also sheltering, and they brought us up to date on the situation. Mayor Lindsay, the patrolman told us, had just passed through in a car with Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo; the lightweight boxing champion, Carlos Ortiz; and the former light-heavyweight champion José Torres—all three men were immensely popular in El Barrio. The mood, he said, seemed to be a little less grim. The young man in the doorway, who turned out to be one of the members of



"I don't know why, but I always feel I've accomplished something when I've thrown out the Sunday 'Times.'"

a Puerto Rican delegation that had met with the Mayor the previous day, concurred. "I think we can get through it tonight," he said. "But that's only if nothing else goes up in our face." Then, as the rain dwindled, he darted from the doorway. "I've got to find my people," he said, and was gone.

"Well, if that's any indication, he may be right," the patrolman said, pointing with his nightstick at a thin rainbow that arched over the Franklin Plaza Apartments, just down the avenue, and ended at the police communications van on 109th Street.

The symbol, pat as it was, held good. Three times, we watched confrontations whose impact could well have set violence reverberating through the community, and each time, somehow, the violence was avoided. The first of the confrontations came before dark. A group of perhaps fifty boys had spilled over onto Third Avenue from 111th Street and were heading south. Their leader, conspicuous in an orange-and-white life preserver, appeared to be amassing a crowd, and just after eight o'clock about seventy members of the Tactical Patrol Force poured from parked buses up and down the avenue and, shoulder to shoulder, formed a barrier across it. The abrupt change of tactics—the police had been permitting a limited degree of pedestrian and vehicle flow on Third Avenue—caught a number of bystanders by surprise, and the maneuver was greeted with a good deal of pushing and shouting. We noticed one man, a Negro, who was caught in a shoving match between officers seeking to clear the street in opposite directions; he was recognized by Assistant Chief Inspector Arthur Morgan as a social worker and was pulled through the line to safety. A chorus of jeers came from windows and fire escapes above the stores along Third Avenue. Stones and bottles soon followed. A patrolman was struck on the arm by the first bottle, and a few feet away from us a rock slammed against the chest of a radio reporter, who appeared more startled than hurt. And that was it. In a few minutes, the gang of boys—the boy in the orange-and-white life preserver included—had been pushed back onto the cross streets, east toward Second or west toward Lexington, and Third Avenue was clear again. It remained that way until much later in the evening—about midnight—when sniping was reported from a window to the east, on the south side of 112th Street. The rush of prowling cars and press cars to the spot evoked a heavy shower of bottles and

other missiles from windows along 112th. When the source of the sniper fire had been pinpointed and police were searching the building, bottles and rocks continued to fall into the street intermittently for about ten minutes—the length of time it took the police to reach and secure the roofs of the buildings on the south side of the block. While the missiles were still hailing down, a tall, thin young Puerto Rican in khaki pants and a T-shirt darted along the pavement to the building under siege. "Would you leave, please?" he said to the first patrolman he reached. "Please get off the block. Go back to the corners. Your presence here is provocative." The young man's plea, though rational, was ineffective, and eventually he wheeled and headed back up the block. A few minutes later, a detective emerged from the besieged building waving a recently fired rifle, which had been found abandoned in a rear alley. As the police cars and press cars headed for Third Avenue, boys poured from several of the buildings on the block and surged toward the corner. For a minute or two, patrolmen and boys eyed each other over a barricade that proclaimed, "Street Closed, Play Area," and then, abruptly, the knot of boys broke up and the danger was over.

The most serious of the evening's three confrontations, however, had come earlier. In fact, it was probably the most serious of all the potentially explosive scenes we have seen. There was a march through El Barrio that evening of several hundred men, women, and children, starting from St. Paul's Church, on 117th Street, between Park Avenue and Lexington Avenue. Marshalled by Monsignor Robert Fox, they carried, along with votive candles, posters and placards calling for peace in El Barrio. Three boys of perhaps six or seven, nervous

but determined, led the marchers—most of whom wore the button of Summer in the City—down the sidewalks of Lexington and Third Avenues. Older boys and priests on the outskirts of the procession urged onlookers to join it, but few did so—and not all those who did were in sympathy with its purpose. As the march moved south, it picked up a rear guard of hostile youths, who jeered and clapped in irregular rhythms in an attempt to disrupt the songs of the marchers. On one Third Avenue corner, a bottle smashed on the pavement just ahead of the three little boys. For a minute, the procession came to a halt, and the singing wavered; then the voices sang out strongly again, and the little boys picked their way around the broken glass. The marchers stopped in front of a funeral home on 103rd Street just east of Park, where the body of the man shot to death early Sunday morning had been taken. The hecklers, who were still on the heels of the procession, huddled together. Monsignor Fox climbed the steps of a Greek Orthodox church across the street (that same day, Pope Paul VI and Athenagoras I, the Patriarch of Eastern Orthodoxy, were meeting in Istanbul) and delivered a sermon in Spanish. Keeping an eye on the youths on the corner, we asked a nearby priest to interpret for us. "If you're going to continue living in New York, you should really learn its language," he observed, and then he translated Monsignor Fox's words as "Death should be, for us, a reason to live. . . . Death should not cause fear. We have to function as men. . . ."

During the sermon, a number of the heckling youths began pestering the driver of a station wagon sent out by a radio station, and then one of them began rocking it. The driver abruptly backed it around the nearest corner. The service went on, over the jeers of the hecklers, the noises of the street, and—the biggest hindrance of all—the roar of the trains going along the viaduct. In spite of ourself, we were drawn into watching the trains—car after car with passengers who were staring straight ahead at their newspapers. When the last train was gone, we looked back and saw that the service was ending. The three frightened but brave little boys took their places again, and the marchers broke into a hymn. Then, all at once, the group of hecklers seemed to come to some kind of agreement. Handbills were pulled from pockets and from beneath jackets and were passed out, and then the youths walked off to the west while the march-





"Look out, world! Charlie Willoughby is on the loose!"

ers, still singing, moved east. When the street was empty, we edged closer to the lights of the funeral home to read the handbill. Mimeographed in red ink, it bore the signature of the East Harlem Liberation Party and set forth sixteen demands. As we stood there under the funeral-home lights in El Barrio,

some of the demands seemed entirely warranted—"A substantial increase in Department of Sanitation activities in the area, with specific schedule," for instance. Others, including "A substantial reduction of all food prices in the East Harlem area," were beyond the power of any government, local or fed-

eral, to provide. But all this was beside the point. The point was that for that night, at least, boys apparently bent on destruction had held off. With a single charge into that throng on 103rd Street, they could have sent chaos spilling through El Barrio; instead, they passed out handbills.

A FEW MOMENTS OF SLEEPING AND WAKING

EDWARD woke up. Pia was already awake.

"What did you dream?"

"You were my brother," Pia said. "We were making a film. You were the hero. It was a costume film. You had a cape and a sword. You were jumping about, jumping on tables. But in the second half of the film you had lost all your weight. You were thin. The film was ruined. The parts didn't match."

"I was your brother?"

Scarlati from the radio. It was Sunday. Pete sat at the breakfast table. Pete was a doctor on an American nuclear submarine, a psychiatrist. He had just come off patrol, fifty-eight days under the water. Pia gave Pete scrambled eggs with mushrooms, *wie-nerbrød*, salami with red wine in it, bacon. Pete interpreted Pia's dream.

"Edward was your brother?"

"Yes."

"And your real brother is going to Italy, you said."

"Yes."

"It may be something as simple as a desire to travel."

Edward and Pia and Pete went for a boat ride, a tour of the Copenhagen harbor. The boat held one hundred and twenty tourists. They sat, four tourists abreast, on either side of the aisle. A guide spoke into a microphone in Danish, French, German, and Eng-

lish, telling the tourists what was in the harbor.

"I interpreted that dream very sketchily," Pete said to Edward.

"Yes."

"I could have done a lot more with it."

"Don't."

"This is the Danish submarine fleet," the guide said into the microphone. Edward and Pia and Pete regarded the four black submarines. There had been a flick every night on Pete's submarine. Pete discussed the fifty-eight flicks he had seen. Pete sat on Edward's couch discussing "The Sound of Music." Edward made drinks. Rose's Lime Juice fell into the Gimlet glasses. Then Edward and Pia took Pete to the airport. Pete flew away. Edward bought "The Interpretation of Dreams."

PIA dreamed that she had journeyed to a great house, a castle, to sing. She had found herself a bed in a room overlooking elaborate gardens. Then another girl appeared, a childhood friend. The new girl demanded Pia's bed. Pia refused. The other girl insisted. Pia refused. The other girl began to sing. She sang horribly. Pia asked her to stop. Other singers appeared, demanding that Pia surrender the bed. Pia refused. People stood about the bed, shouting and singing.

Edward smoked a cigar. "Why didn't you just give her the bed?"

"My honor would be hurt," Pia said. "You know, that girl is not like that. Really she is very quiet and not asserting—asserting?—asserting herself. My mother said I should be more like her."

"The dream was saying that your mother was wrong about this girl?"

"Perhaps."

"What else?"

"I can't remember."

"Did you sing?"

"I can't remember," Pia said.

Pia's brother Søren rang the doorbell. He was carrying a pair of trousers. Pia sewed up a split in the seat. Edward made instant coffee. Pia explained *blu-faerdighedskraenkelse*. "If you walk with your trousers open," she said. Søren gave Edward and Pia "The Joan Baez Songbook." "It is a very good one," he said in English. The doorbell rang. It was Pia's father. He was carrying a pair of shoes Pia had left at the farm. Edward made more coffee. Pia sat on the floor cutting a dress out of blue, red, and green cloth. Ole arrived. He was carrying his guitar. He began to play something from "The Joan Baez Songbook." Edward regarded Ole's Mowgli hair. We be of one blood, thee and I. Edward read "The Interpretation of Dreams." "In cases where not my ego but only a strange person appears in the dream-content, I may safely assume that by means of identification my ego is concealed behind that person. I am permitted to supplement my ego."

Edward sat at a sidewalk café drinking a beer. He was wearing his brown suede shoes, his black dungarees, his black-and-white checked shirt, his red beard, his immense spectacles. Edward regarded his hands. His hands seemed old. "I am thirty-three." Tiny girls walked past the sidewalk café wearing skintight black pants. Then large girls in skintight white pants.

Edward and Pia walked along Frederiksberg Allé, under the queer box-cut trees. "Here I was knocked off my bicycle when I was seven," Pia said. "By a car. In a snowstorm."

Edward regarded the famous intersection. "Were you hurt?"

"My bicycle was demolished utterly."

Edward read "The Interpretation of Dreams." Pia bent over the sewing machine, sewing blue, red, and green cloth.

"Freud turned his friend R. into a disreputable uncle, in a dream."

"Why?"



"He wanted to be an assistant professor. He was bucking for assistant professor."

"So why was it not allowed?"

"They didn't know he was Freud. They hadn't seen the movie."

"You're joking."

"I'm trying."

Edward and Pia talked about dreams. Pia said she had been dreaming about unhappy love affairs. In these dreams, she said, she was very unhappy. Then she woke, relieved.

"How long?"

"For about two months, I think. But then I wake up and I'm happy. That it is not so."

"Why are they *unhappy* love affairs?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think it means you want new love affairs?"

"Why should I want unhappy love affairs?"

"Maybe you want to have love affairs but feel guilty about wanting to have love affairs, and so they become unhappy love affairs."

"That's subtle," Pia said. "You're insecure."

"Ho!" Edward said.

"But why then am I happy when I wake up?"

"Because you don't have to feel guilty anymore," Edward said glibly.

"Ho!" Pia said.



"Seven-dollars-plus is here!"

EDWARD resisted "The Interpretation of Dreams." He read eight novels by Anthony Powell. Pia walked down the street in Edward's blue sweater. She looked at herself in a shop window. Her hair was rotten. Pia went into the bathroom and played with her hair for one hour. Then she brushed her teeth for a bit. Her hair was still rotten. Pia sat down and began to cry. She cried for a quarter hour, without making any noise. Everything was rotten.

Edward bought "Madam Cherokee's Dream Book." Dreams in alphabetical order. If you dream of black cloth, there will be a death in the family. If you dream of scissors, a birth. Edward and Pia saw three films by Jean-Luc Godard. The landlord came and asked Edward to pay Danish income tax. "But I don't make any money in Denmark," Edward said. Everything was rotten.

Pia came home from the hairdresser with black varnish around her eyes.

"How do you like it?"

"I hate it."

Pia was chopping up an enormous cabbage, a cabbage big as a basketball.

The cabbage was of an extraordinary size. It was a big cabbage.

"That's a big cabbage," Edward said.

"Big," Pia said.

They regarded the enormous cabbage God had placed in the world for supper.

"Is there vinegar?" Edward asked.

"I like . . . vinegar . . . with my . . ."

Edward read a magazine for men full of colored photographs of naked girls living normal lives. Edward read the *New Statesman*, with its letters to the editor. Pia appeared in her new blue, red, and green dress. She looked wonderful.

"You look wonderful."

"Tak."

"Tables are women," Edward said.

"You remember you said I was jumping on tables, in your dream. Freud says that tables are figures for women. You're insecure."

"*La vache!*" Pia said.

Pia reported a new dream. "I came home to a small town where I was

born. First, I ran around as a tourist with my camera. Then a boy who was selling something—from one of those little wagons?—asked me to take his picture. But I couldn't find him in the photo *apparat*. In the view glass. Always other people got in the way. Everyone in this town was divorced. Everybody I knew. Then I went to a ladies' club, a place where the women asked the men to dance. But there was only one man there. His picture was on an advertisement outside. He was the gigolo. Gigolo? Is that right? Then I called up people I knew, on the telephone. But they were all divorced. Everybody was divorced. My mother and father were divorced. Helle and Jens were divorced. Everybody. Everybody was floating about in a strange way."

Edward groaned. A palpable groan.

"What else?"

"I can't remember."

"Nothing else?"

"When I was on my way to the ladies' club, the boy I had tried to take



"Didn't you ever see an egret before?"

a picture of came up and took my arm. I was surprised but I said to myself something like, *It's necessary to have friends here.*"

"What else?"

"I can't remember."

"Did you sleep with him?"

"I don't remember."

"What did the ladies' club remind you of?"

"It was in a cellar."

"Did it remind you of anything?"

"It was rather like a place at the university. Where we used to dance."

"What is connected with that place in your mind?"

"Once a boy came through a window to a party."

"Why did he come through the window?"

"So he didn't pay."

"Who was he?"

"Someone."

"Did you dance with him?"

"Yes."

"Did you sleep with him?"

"Yes."

"Very often?"

"Twice."

EDWARD and Pia went to Malmö on the flying boat. The hydrofoil leaped into the air. The feeling was that of a plane laboring down an interminable runway.

"I dreamed of a roof," Pia said. "Where corn was kept. Where it was stored."

"What does that—" Edward began.

"Also I dreamed of rugs. I was beating a rug," she went on. "And I dreamed about horses. I was riding."

"Don't," Edward said.

Pia silently rehearsed three additional dreams. Edward regarded the green leaves of Malmö. Edward and Pia moved through the rug department of a department store. Surrounded by exciting rugs: Rya rugs, Polish rugs, rag rugs, straw rugs, area rugs, wall-to-wall rugs, rug remnants. Edward was thinking about one that cost five hundred crowns, in seven shades of red, about the size of an opened-up *Herald Tribune*, Paris edition.

"It is too good for the floor, clearly," Pia said. "It is to be hung on the wall."

Edward had four hundred dollars in his pocket. It was supposed to last him two months. The hideously smiling rug salesman pressed closer. They burst into the street. Just in time. "God knows they're beautiful, however," Edward said.

"What did you dream last night?" Edward asked. "What did you dream? What?"

"I can't remember."

Edward decided that he worried too much about the dark side of Pia. Pia regarded as a moon. Edward lay in bed trying to remember a dream. He could not remember. It was eight o'clock. Edward climbed out of bed to see if there was mail on the floor, if mail had fallen through the door. No. Pia awoke.

"I dreamed of beans."

Edward looked at her. "Madam Cherokee's Dream Book" flew into his hand.

"To dream of beans is, in all cases, very unfortunate. Eating them means sickness, preparing them means that the married state will be a very difficult

one for you. To dream of *beets* is on the other hand a happy omen."

Edward and Pia argued about "Mrs. Miniver." It was not written by J. B. Priestley, Edward said.

"I remember it very well," Pia insisted. "Errol Flynn was her husband, he was standing there with his straps, his straps"—Pia made a holding-up-trousers gesture—"hanging, and she said that she loved Walter Pidgeon."

"Errol Flynn was not even in the picture. You think J. B. Priestley wrote everything, don't you? Everything in English."

"I don't."

"Errol Flynn was not even in the picture." Edward was drunk. He was shouting.

"Errol Flynn was not even...in... the goddam picture!"

Pia was not quite asleep. She was standing on a street corner. Women regarded her out of the corners of their eyes. She was holding a string bag containing strawberries, beer, razor blades, turnips. An old lady rode up on a bicycle and stopped for the traffic light. The old lady straddled her bicycle, seized Pia's string bag, and threw it into the gutter. Then she pedalled away, with the changing light. People crowded around. Someone picked up the string bag. Pia shook her head. "No," she said. "She just...I have never seen her before." Someone asked Pia if she wanted him to call a policeman. "What for?" Pia said. Her father was standing there smiling. Pia thought, *These things have no significance really.* Pia thought, *If this is to be my dream for tonight, then I don't want it.*

—DONALD BARTHELME

LETTER FROM PROVENCE

Beside the bridge's photogenic lapse into air you'll
Find more interesting material.
In July, the sun
Flatters your popes' delicate
City as always, turning granite
Gold. The slum's at standstill then,
Choking with droppings. Still
Its children are not entirely hostile;
Proffer smiles
At intervals most charmingly. I gave
Them chocolate, softened in the heat,
Which they would not
Go near. We heard they live on love.

—LOUISE GLÜCK

WHAT HAUNTS THEE IN FOND SHAPES

COMMON sense, cleanliness, and my advisers tell me I should get this old studio by the sea—which my aunt built, and where she and other artists painted and made etchings on a press set up under the skylight, where my mother painted for years after she inherited it—cleared out and turned into an ordinary room with a big north window that I can use in everyday life.

All this accumulation is of no immediate use to anyone alive today. "All this junk," my husband calls it, as he views the half-empty pots of glue and linseed oil and turpentine; the balsawood plane models, broken, my son made, while my mother was painting him; coils of wire used on boats for some purpose; cigar boxes of dried-up paint tubes; the conch shells in the still-life composition that was the last thing my mother painted before she died; the rotted leather trunks revealing photographs mounted on cards in the Victorian manner, of ladies in bustles, gentlemen with beards, once somebody's friends but now forever unknown; a yellow lustre vase; a pair of desiccated rubber gloves for handling the etching plates in an acid bath; a pile of old "Transactions" of the Brontë Society; several palettes, still set, the blobs of paint dried as hard as multi-colored marbles; plaster casts, damaged, of Aphrodite, of a della Robbia *bambino*, of an *écorché*—a model of the nude stripped to show the muscles; a pile of oil pochades my father painted on one of his infrequent visits away from his Boston studio, of apple blossoms against the sea; several cheap campstools for outdoor painting, and several sketching easels, but no two of them in the same place; a small, heavy box labelled "Black sand found in Philip's room, 1900;" three nineteenth-century travelling desks—mahogany boxes whose inner writing surfaces, covered in velvet, are broken off the hinges; a cabinet whose shelves are entirely filled with shoeboxes, some empty, some filled with wire, with nails, with the wooden keys used in stretching canvases, with still more photographs of forgotten people, or, actually, with shoes, marked on the outside of the box, by my mother, disarmingly "White Suade Sandles;" a number of wicker end tables, Victorian, that my mother found useful in setting up still-lives; part of an ancestor's classical library, behind glass, its leather flaking off; a boxful of unremarkable minerals collected a hundred

years ago by a little boy who died when he was ten; a china cabinet crowded with china, all of it broken, including the china pitcher, handle missing, that my father's and his brothers' supper milk was poured from and that reads, in white china lettering:

What though my cates be poor?
Take them in good part.
May you have better cheer
But not with better heart

and the low brown wooden table where they played games in the evenings, on one side of which some disgruntled little boy carved "Fat Paunch;" old letter file upon old letter file containing nothing but clippings from newspapers, of photographs that gave one of those now dead artists an idea for a composition; an enormous wooden bowl with packets of seed in it that are anywhere from ten to fifty years old and unquestionably sterile by now (if you pick up a handful at random, the labels read, in handwriting, "Oct. 1932 Black-Eyed Susans, original seed from E. Stewardson," or "Dill 1923," or "1940. Datura. Angel's Trumpet," or,

in commercial print, "Okra—Dreer's Little Gem"); three sets of mortar and pestle; broken lamps; broken chairs; baskets filled with bits of old twine; a knitting bag that was once an oatmeal carton and that was covered in wallpaper, at summer camp, by my son for a September birthday present for his great-aunt; three tall racks intended to hold drawings and etchings that belonged to the aunt who built the studio.

"Clear it all out quick," my husband advises. "Then you'll have it off your mind. You did that with your father's studio." I did. I cleared out the Boston studio in two weeks when my father died, because it seemed important to get out of it before the lease expired. But it's hard to believe that is the right thing to do now.

All studios, because they have no formal arrangement the way a dining room or a living room has, tend to become repositories. Thirty years ago when I cleared my father's studio so quickly, I was searching for the certificates to some American Telephone & Telegraph stock my father had owned that were not in his safe-deposit box. I



"It's a business with many fascinating angles. For instance, why should fudge ripples be so big on East Seventieth, while on Sutton Place you can't give them away?"

found one certificate under the bathtub, one in a 1914 *Saturday Evening Post*, two in the fireplace that was used to store marl sticks, rolls of unused canvas, and sketching easels, and one that had slipped through the floorboards of the model stand, but some never did turn up, and we had to apply to have new ones issued. Some other objects crowding my father's studio were probably valuable, some totally worthless, but I don't remember what they were now, because in the hurry to move out I got rid of everything.

There is no problem about what to do with some of the things in this studio by the sea. The Coromandel screen would be an adornment to a living room. The amateurish painting by my grandfather, properly a writer and clergyman, of Boston Common in the thirties of the last century, was assessed higher than anything in the house at the time an inventory was made for death taxes. The table all the boxes of paints are piled on is real Chippendale, the assessor said, besides being a good, useful table. The family letters can be given to a library that wants them. The dozens upon dozens of paintings and drawings by my mother can join the paintings by my father and my aunt up in the attic, which will then be so full that if anybody more in this family becomes an artist he will have to build a new studio in order to have a place to store his work in when *he* dies.

But what to do about ten or twelve big sheets of glass, intended to cover drawings but broken, cracked, or chipped? "Cut them in half and use them on smaller pictures," my son advises. But think of the work! The expense! What am I going to do with all my son's school papers that my mother saved—spelling and arithmetic and geography papers? "Throw them out, for heaven's sake," he says. Or with the finest of the writing desks, Chinese, inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl, its hinges broken and lacquer dried and cracked? "Get it mended," someone says. But where, nowadays? Or with seventeen palm-leaf fans—some real palm leaves, some only shaped like palms, of paper, with charming Japanese wash drawings on them? Or a doll's tester bed with, lying on top of it, a doll's crinoline—bed broken, crinoline eaten by moths? Or the books my grandfather read as a child—"Harry and Lucy," "The Sock



Stories," by Aunt Fanny, "Aesop's Fables," all without covers, the bare leaves bound with rotting thread and crumbling glue?

I respect what my advisers, objective as I cannot be, recommend; but at the thought of taking hold of all this complicated assembly and throwing it out I quail. I am overwhelmed. Even to imagine beginning to is like opening, in a dream, a nightmare closet upon confusion. I feel I can't.

What am I to do with yards of Irish lace, with boxes and boxes full of scraps of material, almost every one of them speaking of a real time, a real place? There is some checked brown gingham from my first bought dress (my mother made my clothes until I was thirteen). There is gray linen from the high-waisted frock I was wearing at school the day I leaned against a pine tree at recess and got pitch in my hair. There is a bit of the red-and-blue plaid smock my mother wore to paint in forty years ago, and of her brown silk afternoon dress that had a Binche lace collar, and of one of my grandmother's—her mother's—black brocade dresses, and her lavender satin mantle. There are several pieces of taffeta, pale cream color with a blue stripe running through it, that I was told when I was a child was French and part of a great-aunt's hoop skirt. In other days women used to make patchwork out of scraps like these, so that forever after or until the quilt disintegrated you could lean over and with a forefinger pick out your life's history from bits of a familiar dress, upholstery from a sheltering chair. Perhaps my mother, who could do anything with her hands, had some wild dream of fitting patchwork into her countless other accomplishments. But I shall never make patchwork. What am I going to do with all the pieces?

Possibly I am letting myself be too much affected by what are only material possessions. But I don't feel about the possessions that crowd this monstrous closet of mine as though they were material, exactly. I'd always thought of material possessions as having a monetary value, for one thing. These objects seem more ineffable than material, like voices. At their realest, they are objects of virtue, keys to release the life that trembles behind them in the void and that I otherwise would never have suspected was there. It is as if you whirled around very quickly and caught the furniture in a room up to something; or as if, by a trick, you had at last been able to catch the uncatchable—the blind spot in your vision where anything can happen.

How can I throw away an anecdote about Winston Churchill and Sir Alexander Fleming, written out in quadruplicate, which I remember, suddenly, an uncle's telling me, years ago? What I had no idea of was that he cared so about it. Now I see him sitting at his desk in Westchester County, the Benares brass lamp standing beside him, copying it out over and over for the friends he was going to give it to, send it to. Can he have made even *more* than four copies of this not very fascinating story? Am I to throw away a tiny emerald-green glass bottle, etched in gold, the broken stopper wedged in, that fits into a tiny chamois-leather case? The smelling salts are still visible, locked inside. If I worked on its stopper long enough I might be able to catch a whiff, but if I throw it out in the trash I know that I will never think of it again—or of the other case, black leather, that lies beside it. This case is like one of those miraculous snowstorm paperweights, in that it seems to contain a world. Inside it, a square glass,



bevel-edged, for drinking out of, contains a metal spoon, a metal fork, and a penknife, all folded back neatly upon themselves to fit the glass that fits the case. Who did *that* belong to? Was it meant for carrying aboard a boat? Was it for camping?

So many of these objects do seem worlds in themselves, worlds I can at least peer into if I hold them in my hand. There is a collection of Victorian metal objects (brass? copper? they are black with time). One is an inkwell. You can tell it is an inkwell because there is an ink-stained china cup inside. The inkwell is in the shape of what I think must be a hut for savages. The round house itself is woven of strips (osiers? as in "Swiss Family Robinson"?), and its roof of reeds that point upward and are gathered into a bunch at the top. The hut has a sort of extension, a round sub-hut, whose roof you lift to dip your pen into the ink. But is it a hut? Here, on the "ground" outside it, is a huge metal fly. He is formed perfectly; is he also to scale? If he's to scale, then it can't represent a hut for savages, or at least it must be a hut for the most elfin of savages. Or *what* is it? There is no use trying to interest a collector in it, to find out. The roof is broken, the china cup inside is broken, and collectors only want perfect specimens. Everything in this whole studio is broken. But, as I have always been told, nobody is perfect.

"If you don't look out, you'll find yourself living in the past," a disapproving cousin says. "I loved them all, too, but it's so *sad*, to think about them now they're dead. Come on to the beach."

After she is gone I go on looking through a big pile of papers spilled on the floor in one corner, behind the Coromandel screen. Lots of them are

just more pictures from newspapers that my mother clipped out, that gave her an idea. But what idea was she trying to capture? A young girl standing before a window, her hair a blaze from the sunshine behind her—that's easy. So is a photograph from *Vanity Fair* of the actress Grace George, posed in profile, a plume falling from her hat and around the curve of her neck. A brown rotogravure-section picture of the Egyptian architect Ti is less so. It is just very stiff, very archaic, very Egyptian. What *can* my mother have wanted to use that idea for, in a picture?

All at once I come on a whole batch, a dozen or more, of photographs taken of this house when it was being built in 1911. I never knew before that they existed. Pictures of the granite for the house being quarried out of its own cellar, of the scaffolding, of the master mason laying the courses of stone, of the derrick, of the landscape as it then was, beyond the open construction.

My aunt engaged the mason, an old Swede, to build the house to suit his own ideas, because, she said, she wanted it to look like a North European farmhouse. I'd entirely forgotten his name, but now, as I squint at the snapshots of him, in his felt hat and shapeless sweater against that scenery which looks so curiously bare, I remember it was Jungquist, Alec Jungquist, and that the bushes and young trees used to be kept down by the pasturing of cows that belonged to Mr. Seppala, a Finn. The cows roamed the point, the moors, all summer. At night you could hear their cowbells tinkling in the fog.

Jungquist built most of the granite houses around here. Before his day the masons weren't up to it, and afterward

granite houses cost too much. He had the independence of the Scandinavian, and when his wife died and he lived all alone he did everything for himself, including, when he realized he had a cancer in his throat, operating on it with a straight razor. He died, of course, of blood poisoning.

Gradually, as I turn over others in the mass of papers, I begin to notice the noise the flies of noonday make, as they buzz and bat against the big, high studio window, too high to be washed, where spiders have their webs; one can lie for hours on the old lumpy chaise longue, that is covered in faded blue denim, and watch the flies getting caught, struggling sometimes for a whole day, expiring, in the extensive and high-powered operations the spiders conduct up there. I get up from the floor where I have been sitting, stretch, and go to another window, the low one that overlooks the sea through the locusts' lacy foliage.

There lies the cove—glassy still, green, warm, shining, the way I love it. The granite point beyond is rosy in the sun. At this hour, all my friends are down there swimming. *Love calls us to the things of this world*, I repeat to myself as I go to change into my suit. True, but then what do you call what I feel for all this junk, these worlds?

—NANCY HALE

As for Moscow itself through an ad-man's eyes, he recalled: "I was very impressed by the difference a total lack of advertising communication makes in a city. When you see no billboards, no signs, no neon identification, it's not pretty. It's quite the opposite. It takes away a little of the vitality and life of the world we know."—*The Times*.

A city without smog is pretty dreary, too.

TEN POEMS

I. AGONY, METRONOME OF AN ALIEN STAR

Agony, metronome of an alien star,
 Staining each minute with a different darkness—
 Agony of your broken door,
 Your broken sleep,
 Your departing steps
 That counted out the remains of life,
 Of your crushed steps,
 Your dragging steps,
 Till they ceased being steps to my ear.
 Agony of the end of your steps
 Before an iron grate
 Behind which the meadow of our yearning began to sway—
 O time whose only measurement is dying,
 How easy death will be after this long rehearsal.

II. CHORUS OF THE UNBORN

We, the unborn,
 The yearning has begun to plague us,
 The shores of blood broaden to receive us;
 Like dew we sink into love
 But still the shadows of time lie like questions
 Over our secret.

You who love,
 You who yearn,
 Listen, you who are sick with parting:
 We are those who begin to live in your glances,
 In your hands which are searching the blue air—
 We are those who smell of morning.
 Already your breath is inhaling us,
 Drawing us down into your sleep,
 Into the dreams which are our earth,
 Where night, our black nurse,
 Lets us grow
 Until we mirror ourselves in your eyes,
 Until we speak into your ear.

We are caught
 Like butterflies by the sentries of your yearning—
 Like birdsong sold to earth—
 We who smell of morning,
 We future lights for your sorrow.

III. WHEN DAY GROWS EMPTY

When day grows empty
 at dusk,
 when the imageless time begins,
 the lonely voices combine—
 the animals are hunters only
 or hunted,
 the flowers mere fragrance—
 when everything becomes nameless as at the beginning,
 then you go beneath the catacombs of time
 that open for those nearing the end;
 there where the heart has its inception,
 down into dark inwardness
 you sink—
 already past death
 that is only a windy passage—
 and freezing with exit
 you open your eyes
 in which a new star
 already has left its reflection—

IV. EARTH, OLD MAN OF THE PLANETS

Earth, old man of the planets, you suck at my foot
 which wants to fly,
 O King Lear, embracing loneliness.

With sea-eyes you weep
 the rubble of suffering
 into realms of the soul within.

On the millennia of your silver locks
 the wreathed smoke of earth, madness crowned
 in the smell of burning.

And your children,
 who already cast the shadow of your death,
 as you turn and turn
 in your place among the stars,
 beggar of the Milky Way,
 with the wind as guide-dog.

V. AND WE WHO MOVE AWAY

And we who move away
 beyond all leaves of the windrose,
 heavy legacy into the distance.

Myself here,
 where earth is losing its lineaments,
 the Pole,
 death's white dead nettle,
 falls in the stillness of white leaves,

the elk
 peering through blue curtains
 between his antlers bears
 a sun-egg hatched pale—

Here, where ocean time
 camouflages itself with iceberg masks
 under the last star's
 frozen stigma,

here at this place
 I expose the coral,
 the one that bleeds
 with your message.

VI. LANDSCAPE OF SCREAMS

At night when dying proceeds to sever all seams
 the landscape of screams
 tears open the black bandage.

Above Moriah, the falling off cliffs to God,
 there hovers the flag of the sacrificial knife,
 Abraham's scream for the son of his heart,
 at the great ear of the Bible it lies preserved.

O hieroglyphs of screams
 engraved at the entrance to death.

Wounded coral of shattered throat flutes.

O, O hands with finger vines of fear,
 dug into wildly rearing manes of sacrificial blood—

Screams shut tight with the shredded mandibles of fish,
 woe tendril of the smallest children
 and the gulping train of breath of the very old,
 slashed into seared azure with burning tails.

Cells of prisoners, of saints,
 tapestried with the nightmare pattern of throats,
 seething hell in the doghouse of madness
 of shackled leaps—

This is the landscape of screams!
 Ascension made of screams
 out of the bodies' grate of bones,

arrows of screams, released
 from bloody quivers.

Job's scream to the four winds
 and the scream concealed in Mount Olivet
 like a crystal-bound insect overwhelmed by impotence.

O knife of evening red, flung into the throats
 where trees of sleep rear blood-licking from the ground,
 where time is shed
 from the skeletons in Hiroshima and Maidenek.

Ashen scream from visionary eye tortured blind—

O you bleeding eye
 in the tattered eclipse of the sun,
 hung up to be dried by God
 in the cosmos—

VII. HOW MANY

How many
 drowned ages
 in the roaring towline of childhood sleep
 enter the fragrant cabin
 on the high sea
 playing over the moon-colored bones of the dead
 when the virgin with the night-flecked
 sun citrus
 sends blinding rays
 out of the shipwreck.

Helplessly
 open and shut
 beat the moment's butterfly doors
 always pervasive
 to the golden lances
 that sear murderously
 into the bleeding battleground of childhood fear.

What detours
 must heart steps take
 before the memory boat
 that travels by day
 finally has been reached—

How many dream-washed limits of earth
 must be drawn out
 till music comes
 from an alien star—

How many mortally sick conquests
 must they make
 before coming home,
 moon-milk in their mouths,
 into the screaming air
 of their light-penned childhood playground?

VIII. THE SLEEPWALKER

circling upon his star
 is awakened by
 the white feather of morning—
 the bloodstain on it reminds him—
 startled, he drops
 the moon—
 the snowberry breaks
 against the black agate of night
 sullied with dream—

No spotless white on this earth—

IX. YOU IN THE NIGHT

You
 in the night,
 busy unlearning the world
 from far far away,
 your finger painted the ice-grotto
 with the singing map of a hidden sea
 which assembled its notes in the shell of your ear
 bridge-building stones
 from Here to There,
 this precise task
 whose completion
 is left to the dying.

X. VAINLY

Vainly
 the epistles burn
 in the night of nights
 on the pyre of flight
 for love winds itself out of its thornbush
 flogged in martyrdom
 and with its tongue of flames
 is beginning to kiss the invisible sky
 when vigil casts darknesses on the wall
 and the air
 trembling with premonition
 prays with the noose of the hunter
 blowing in with the wind:

Wait
 till the letters have come home
 from the blazing desert
 and been eaten by sacred mouths
 Wait
 till the ghostly geology of love
 is torn open
 and its millennia
 aglow and shining with blessed pointing of fingers
 have rediscovered love's word of creation:
 there on the paper
 that dying sings:

It was
 at the beginning

It was
 My beloved

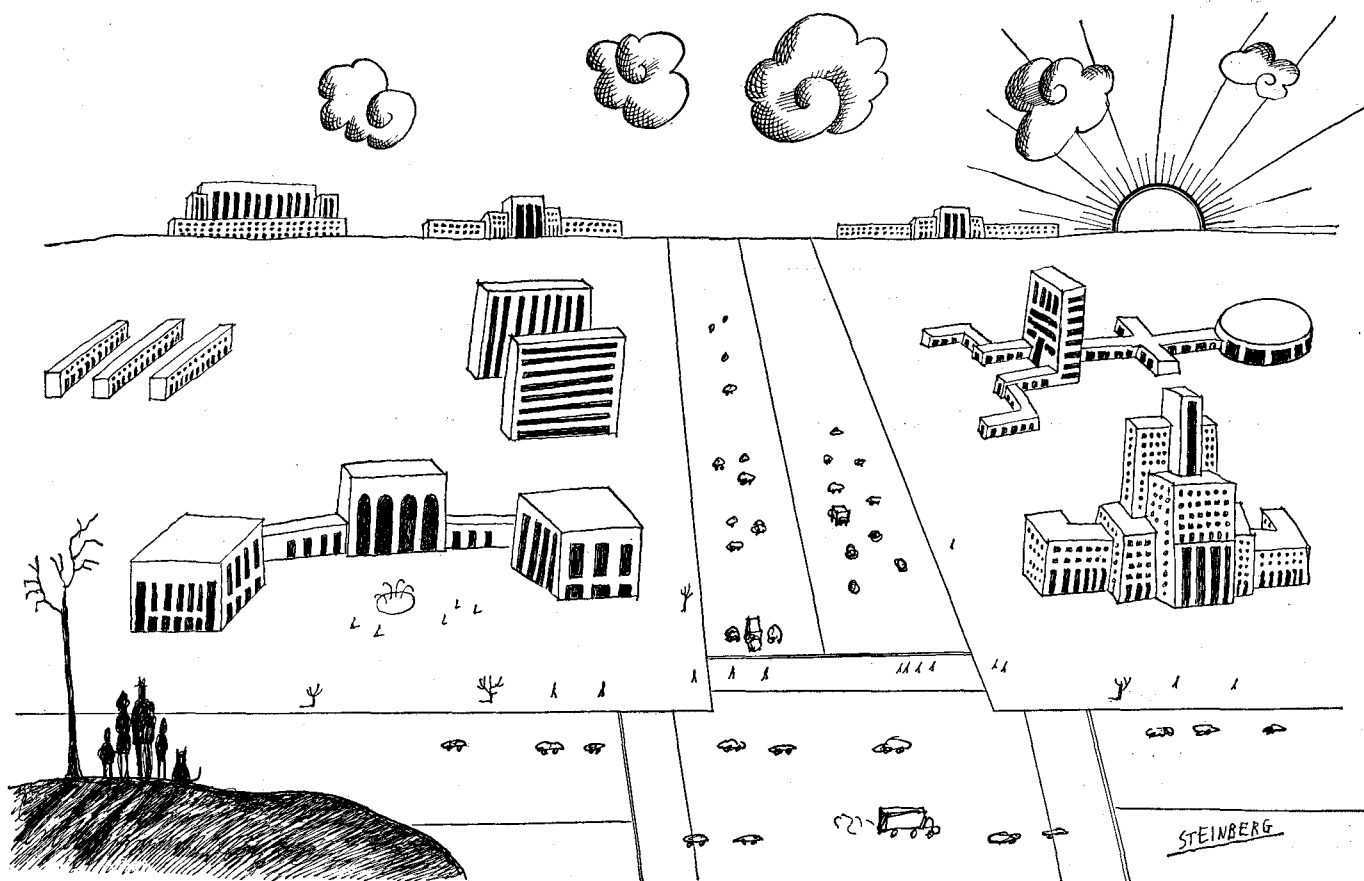
It was—

—NELLY SACHS

(The first, third, fifth, sixth, seventh, and tenth poems were translated from the German by Michael Roloff; the eighth poem by Michael Hamburger; and the second, fourth, and ninth poems by Ruth Mead and Matthew Mead.)

PROFILES

THROUGH THE GREAT CITY-III



A TRAVELLER can come charging toward a city, hit it at the wrong angle, and bounce off. My feeling about Venice will always remain inextricably related to the fact that throughout my only visit there, which lasted two days, it rained solidly and my one pair of good shoes collapsed from walking on pavements as wet as the canals. It is also possible for a traveller to arrive in a city in such a way that an initial shove sends him on from one encounter to the next like the steel ball on a good run in a pinball machine, causing bells to ring and lights to flash, and that is more or less what happened to me on a recent visit to Philadelphia.

My arrival, from the north by car, was not particularly unusual. Expressways and bridges led me over the Delaware River and over the docks and downtown Philadelphia into the last rush-hour traffic the afternoon I arrived, and my first impression was of too many people trying to get home at the same hour in an inefficient form of transportation; most of the cars had just one person in them. In this respect, at least, Philadelphia, the fourth-largest city in the country, seemed no

less swamped by the forces of modern urbanization than any of the other places I had visited during a trip I was making through the region known to city planners as the Northeast Corridor, or megalopolis, which extends four hundred and fifty miles or more from north of Boston to south of Washington, D.C. And when I arrived at the solid stone house of a friend of mine named Jack Justice, on Midvale Avenue, a pleasantly tree-shaded street, he immediately recommended that we move some bicycles and a lawnmower in the garage so that there would be room to park my Jeep station wagon alongside his car. He said that occasionally a gang would make a raid in the neighborhood and loot any cars left out on the streets. Not often, mind you, but now and then.

Jack, whom I have known since college, is now a partner in an eminent Philadelphia law firm and is active in community affairs. At dinner, he began to tell me about a non-partisan group he belongs to called the Philadelphia Committee on City Policy. "Just before the war," he said, "a group of young lawyers formed the Committee, which had experts come to address it on

city finance, planning, and so on. The Committee lobbied, became politically active, badgered the big corporations, and generally screamed and yelled until the city reorganized the Philadelphia Planning Commission and made it effective. So there were several vehicles for action available when, in the late forties, people here began to feel that the city was almost uninhabitable; things had got so bad that something had to be done. In 1947, the Planning Commission, assisted by our City Policy Committee and people like the architect Oskar Stonorov, put on the Better Philadelphia Exhibition, which included a scale model, with working parts, of the central city as it might be improved. That exhibition drew four hundred thousand people to see it in a downtown department store, and it aroused businessmen to form the Great Philadelphia movement, which has furnished indispensable backing for all the changes that have been made since—and many of them have been private, you know, rather than municipal. There was real action here in the fifties. Joe Clark, who's now a senator, came in as the reform Democratic mayor. The Pennsylvania Railroad decided to

tear down the elevated tracks leading to the Broad Street Station, which had cut the city in half. And there were suddenly lots of new people in important jobs—like Ed Bacon, on the Planning Commission, who did such things as go around to the public schools getting the children to make models and drawings of what they wanted their neighborhoods to look like. There were problems with bosses and political machines, but in Philadelphia there have always been ways to get around them. Moreover, the unofficial Establishment here is more important than the official one—it has great economic power, and it makes things move. Another thing, City Hall is in the center of the city here, where it can be reached—it isn't downtown, the way it is in New York. And maybe Philadelphia is also fortunate in still being a manageable size, with a tradition of public spirit and enlightened self-interest. The result, in any event, was that we were off and running on large-scale urban improvements before any other city."

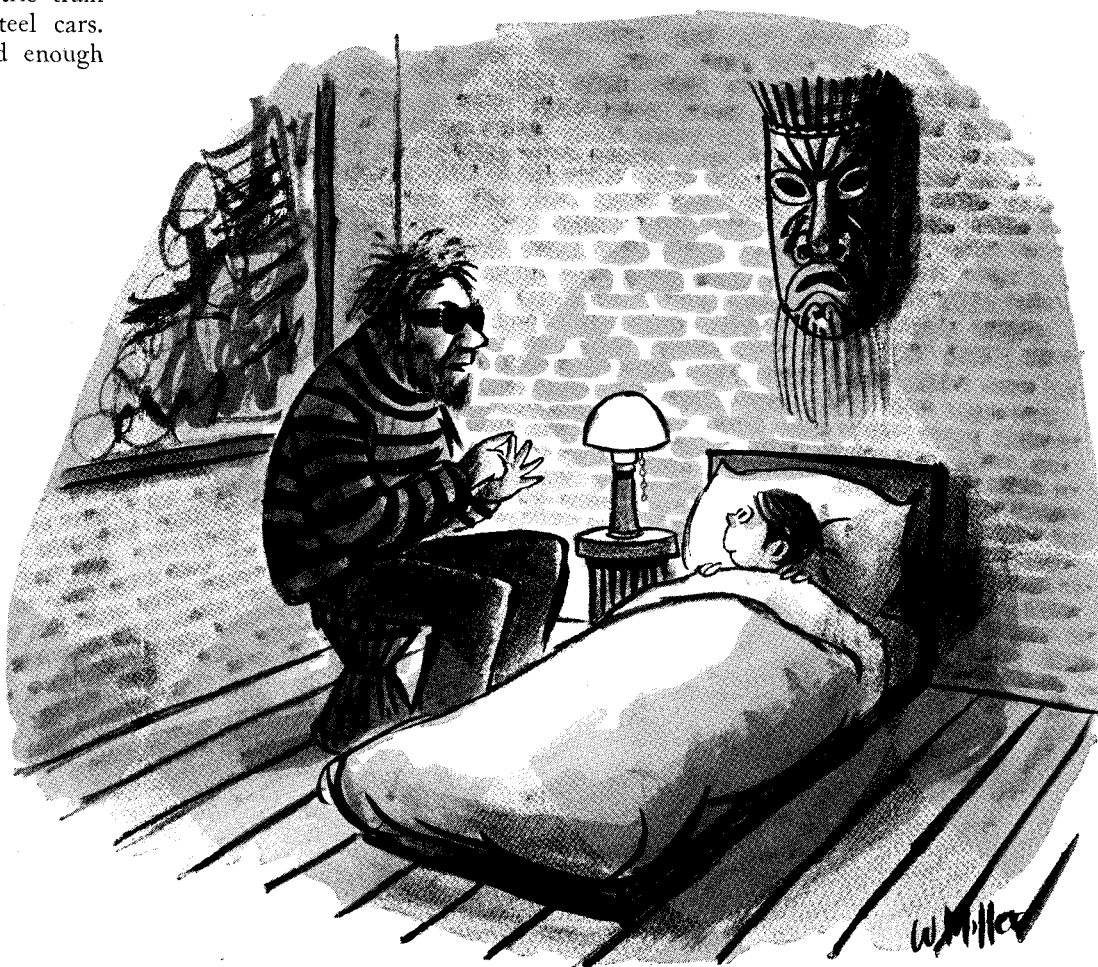
In the morning, Jack and I walked two blocks down Midvale Avenue to a small station, and there, after a five-minute wait in the open air, we boarded a self-propelled electric train made up of four stainless-steel cars. The train was just crowded enough to make one realize its popularity, without making it uncomfortable. Jack and I stood during a fifteen-minute ride to the center of the city, the last couple of minutes of which were below-ground, and he told me that Philadelphia—like Boston, Providence, and San Francisco—was in the process of setting up a Regional Transit Authority to coordinate and run commuter and other transportation systems. We left the train at the Penn Center Station and walked up some stairs into a sunken courtyard paved with cobblestones, on which the sun beamed down through elegant iron railings that rimmed the sidewalk above. Stone stairs out of this courtyard brought us up into the very center of the city. If one has to arrive at a downtown job by an underground route—and the tendency for cities all over the world is to build subways if they haven't got

them already, and to add to them if they have—then this kind of hatchway to the upper world is surely better than the mean burrows of the New York system. (It may be worth noting that when that system opened, on October 27, 1904, the *Times* reported that the first man to give up his seat to a woman in the New York subway was a gentleman from Philadelphia, Mr. F. B. Shipley. According to the *Times*, "he was on the official train and the lady was good looking, but he said that made no difference—in Philadelphia everyone was polite.")

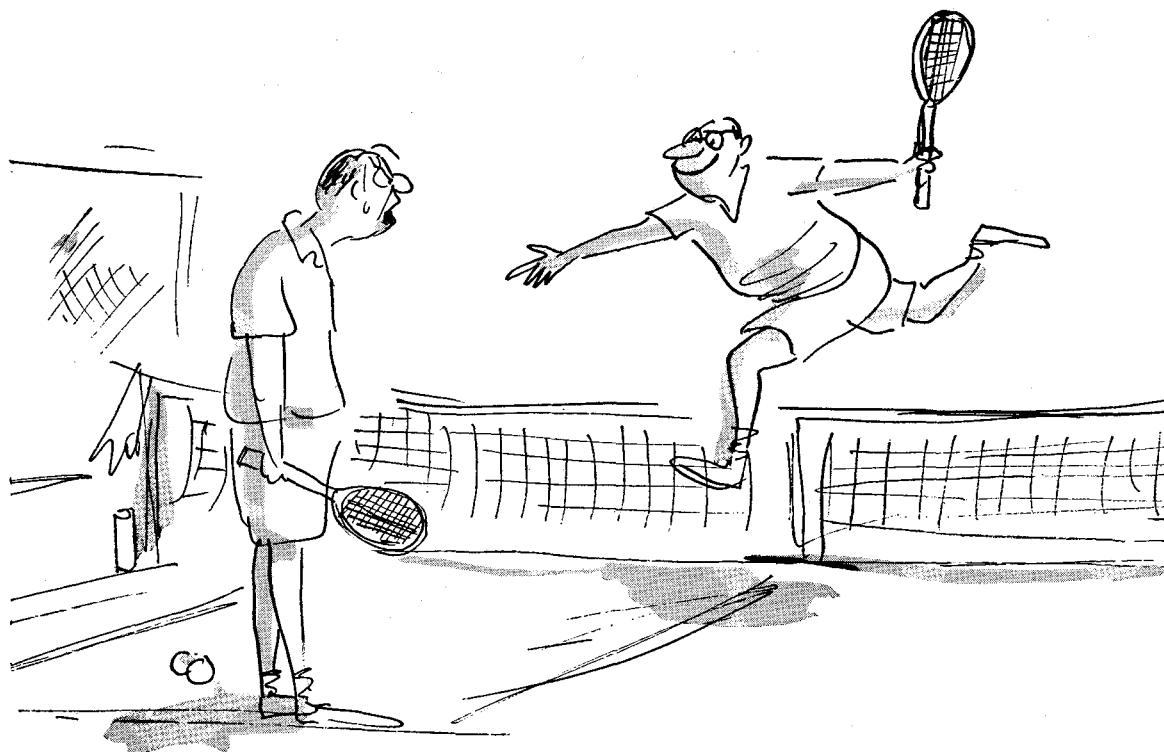
Philadelphia was laid out by its founder, William Penn, in the late seventeenth century as a gridiron covering the narrowest point between the Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers, and the influence of the great man kept his master plan intact until the Revolution. Anthony Trollope, passing through the city on his way from Boston to Washington in 1862, wrote, "I do not like the right-angled building of these towns, nor do I like the sound of Twentieth Street and Thirtieth Street; but I must acknowledge that the arrangement in Philadelphia has its convenience." Having, in the course of the

next ninety years, got clogged, choked, and altogether run down, the "arrangement" is now in process of being made not only convenient but attractive under a plan that has a good chance of being well implemented by 1976—a target date chosen in part to coincide with the two-hundredth anniversary of the signing, in Philadelphia, of the Declaration of Independence.

"Urban renewal" is a term loaded with the dullness and desperation of bureaucracy, but what is happening in Philadelphia is literally a renewal—the re-creation of a city center. It is largely the work of Edmund Bacon, director of the City Planning Commission, who has been contemplating the possibilities of Philadelphia since he was an architectural student at Cornell in the nineteen-thirties. For Penn's gridiron, thirteen blocks wide by twenty-four blocks long, Bacon has devised a linear spine, running east to west. The central section of this spine—Penn Center—is for the most part already built, adjacent to the City Hall, a Victorian, French Baroque building of fine scale and great character. Penn Center, which extends from City Hall to Eighteenth Street, is a complex of banks, hotels, shops,



"Once upon a time there were these three little pigs. There was a neurotic little pig, a psychotic little pig, and a normal little pig. . . ."



"Oh, come off it!"

J.R. Modell

restaurants, offices, underground concourses, sunken gardens, transit services, and pedestrian malls. The courtyard into which we came from Penn Center Station is part of it. The complex cost roughly a hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and whether you compare this figure to the cost of an Agena rocket or a pound of sirloin, it seems an astonishingly small price to pay for such a magnetic and truly *central* section of a city. Beyond the City Hall, toward the Delaware, the spine will continue as far as Independence Mall in the form of Market East—a seven-block "megastructure," as the city planners call it, of shops, parking garages, offices, and hotels, connected by plazas, walkways, and glass-enclosed arcades, all designed to separate pedestrian from vehicular traffic as people shop or stroll or go about their business in a downtown city that shows promise of being, perhaps for the first time since its founding, both safe and exciting. William Penn's gridiron will also be spanned by a pedestrian way, running parallel to the Penn Center-Market East spine; for this purpose Chestnut Street will be reserved for trees, walkers, and an electric-trolley system. Although a great deal of the construction and conversion will take place gradually over the next ten years, it has already encouraged the development elsewhere in the gridiron core of some four hundred million dol-

lars' worth of new office buildings, apartment houses, peripheral parking garages, plazas, and schools, together with the rehabilitation of private houses. The effect is sensational, perhaps because so many of the ideas behind the changes are from the well-founded past: arcades, malls, traffic separation, and the notion that private interest is best served by a profound concern with the public good.

THE names of some people who could tell me how and why this renaissance has come about had been suggested to me by Jack Justice, and the first one of them I called on was Drayton Bryant, a handsome, gray-haired man of fifty who is by profession an economist, city planner, and housing consultant, and by avocation a farmer, writer, linguist, philosopher, agitator, and whirlwind talker. He is a prominent member of the unofficial Establishment Jack had mentioned to me. At Mr. Bryant's office in the Girard Trust Building, on South Penn Square, I found him sitting behind a table covered with maps and books, and as soon as we had exchanged greetings he began talking in short, energetic bursts: "Jack probably told you how things got started here. The exhibition. The bankers took an interest. Good government is the feeblest of appeals, as Lincoln Steffens said—making money is better. And then the major

property holders felt action had to be taken, because the city was so congested, so grim. Philadelphia had the awareness of all this before other cities—and that's why I'm living here—and yet we're not keeping up with it. The train is rushing down the tracks, and our urban thinking is going alongside at walking speed."

Mr. Bryant threw his hands up and took a breath. "Most Americans grew up in small towns, and they think they still live in them. All those suburbs. In fact, two-thirds of the country now lives in urban areas, and the number is increasing. We're on the way to several giant cities of the Los Angeles, trailer-camp type, which,

as far as I can see, forms not only a ghastly place to live but a pretty fast way to a breakdown of the democratic process. We have to believe in our power to control our own environment, and to do that we will have to take big steps. Julius Caesar said, 'There are to be no chariots out after midnight.' The Bulgarians have declared that their capital city, Sofia, may grow only so much and other new building has to go to satellite cities. But satellite cities or New Towns, which are once again being mentioned here, have to be properly mixed—unlike Reston, the much-talked-about New Town near Washington, which only pretty well-off people can afford to live in and looks to me just like Beverly Hills set in Virginia. Our society is already excessively specialized and segmented, with the bottom economic group, particularly, cut off by the problems of race and automation. For a society, this is like the hardening of the membranes connecting various organs that comes with human old age. We have too many lobbies related to short-term selfish interests—concrete men's lobbies for highways, big universities that want unimpeded city space for themselves, and Southern congressmen for whatever it is Southern congressmen want. What we call planning is just a means of escaping from the past half century. We have as yet no comprehensive urban policy, and this endless conurbation we

seem to be building will be a disaster."

I remarked to Mr. Bryant that, considering his gloomy prognosis, I thought he looked remarkably cheerful. He said, "Well, I know that things can be done when a problem is recognized." As a housing consultant, Mr. Bryant earns his living by recognizing and working out solutions to such problems as those posed by the aged and by traffic; on two recent jobs, he managed to persuade one town to make it possible for old people to live in various buildings in the center of the community, rather than in an out-of-the-way project, and to convince another that a plan devised by its traffic engineer for speeding up traffic by several miles per hour would tend to destroy residential and commercial values and push the town toward bankruptcy. He reads architectural and engineering textbooks in Russian, corresponds with scholars in twenty countries, and addresses meetings of city planners, industrialists, and just about anyone else who will listen. "It's a job making everyone realize that a city shouldn't just be an accumulation of all sorts of unplanned results," he told me. "It should be a true corporation, expressing the mutual creativeness of people."

Some of Mr. Bryant's own creativeness was then going into a place called Queen Village, in a decayed neighborhood a few blocks south of the center of the city; he had a meeting to attend there, and suggested that I go along. We drove to it in his car, a big dark-blue station wagon, which he had picked up from a nearby parking garage because he was going to need it to drive to a conference in Atlantic City later in the day. Whenever we stopped for a red light or a traffic jam, Mr. Bryant was silent, but as soon as the traffic moved again he would start to tell me more about Philadelphia. Despite its great progress, he said, the city still shared most of the problems endemic to the late-twentieth-century American metropolis. Like New York, Philadelphia is becoming a region, and by 1975 the region will contain three-quarters of a million more people than it did in 1960, a hundred and seventy thousand more houses and apartments, and four hundred and sixty thousand more cars, and its people will make three million more road and rail trips every day. Much more water will be used, and more air will be breathed, and if present trends continue, the inner city will be inhabited largely by the poor—particularly the Negro poor—while the middle-class people who work in the city will live in, and pay their taxes to, sub-

urban communities, thus increasing the tax burden on those who remain in the city and who are least able to cope with it. Adapting the machinery of state and local governments to the requirements of such giant metropolitan areas is extremely difficult, especially if the areas cross state lines, as the Philadelphia area does. Devising a new organizational structure is less difficult than effecting a changeover to it, for as the metropolitan area grows, the smaller units of government seem to harden in their opposition to what they tend to regard as outside interference in their affairs. Meanwhile, Mr. Bryant told me, Philadelphia proper had a number of very serious immediate problems to face. A hundred and fifty thousand people had left it in the past five years. There were a hundred thousand unemployed. The educational system was in bad shape, and public facilities for higher education were so poor that the Federal Space Agency, which requires bright young employees, had never put Philadelphia on its list for consideration as a site. Furthermore, there were racial segregation, poverty, and slums, of which

North Philadelphia was one of the worst in the nation. New housing projects succeeded only when they had unusually imaginative and determined people heading them, and in Queen Village—"an upgrading sort of name," Mr. Bryant said, which had been chosen for the neighborhood in honor of Queen Christina of Sweden, whose countrymen had been the first to settle in the area—he and his associates were avoiding new housing projects altogether. Instead, they were trying to encourage the community to help itself, and had set up a corporation, Queen Village, Inc., to buy dilapidated old properties, fix them up, and then sell them to people who would help the neighborhood, in one way or another, if only by their presence. People who were thinking of moving out of the neighborhood were being exhorted to stay and helped to buy better housing or improve their own.

The shabbiness of the neighborhood, a half square mile bounded by Sixth Street, Bainbridge Street, Delaware Avenue, and Federal Street, was immediately apparent. Most of the houses



"Mind if I give your diplomas the old onceover, Doc?"



"Come quick! The G.O.P. is offering a viable alternative!"

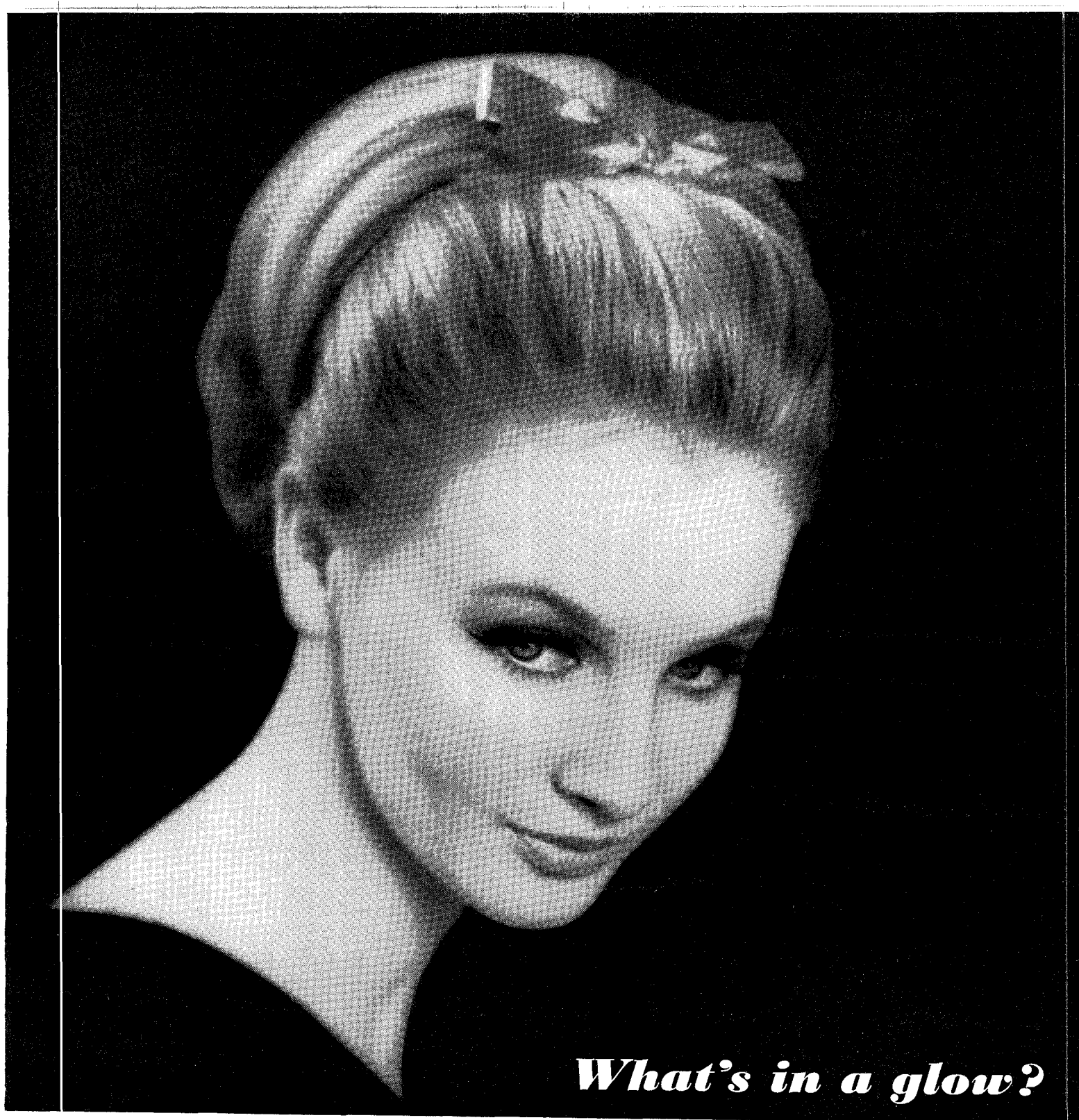
were narrow two-story brick buildings with dormers poking up through tarpaper roofs, the solid rows broken here and there where a building had been demolished or had simply fallen in. A few stood with empty windows or unhinged doors. Among the beat-up cars lining the curbs were some, lacking license plates, that squatted on their axles without wheels, their doors and seats and headlights missing. For a residential area at this time of day, a lot of people were about, which meant unemployment. In some places, alleys led back to courtyards where the squalor seemed almost too Dickensian to be real. Garbage cans overflowed, mostly

with the plentiful packaging that accompanies cheap food. The houses gave the impression of rotting, and some of the people we saw sitting about on stoops and crates looked as if they were rotting, too. Mr. Bryant pointed out a new public-housing project of gaunt gray concrete, and showed me where the new Delaware Expressway had been scheduled to come blasting over the neighborhood, at the height of the roof of the Gloria Dei Church, a local landmark. The highway, whose construction Mr. Bryant and others were trying to prevent, would cut off access to the river and would require the demolition of many houses and the relocation of

their occupants. Some of the houses in the neighborhood were in reasonable shape, and spotted here and there like banners were buildings that the Queen Village corporation was fixing up. We passed one, on Fitzwater Street, that Mr. Bryant described to me as an eighteenth-century brick house with a basement, a small yard, three rooms on the first floor, three rooms and a bathroom on the second, and a studio or extra bedroom on the third. It had fine wide-board floors, had been equipped with new plumbing, new electric heating, and a sliding glass door between the kitchen and the yard, and had just been sold to a young engineer for ten thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. "We had a struggle to get a mortgage for him," said Mr. Bryant. "The banks are a big inertia force in rehabilitation—they're scared to death of a tricky neighborhood like this. But after a battle we got the financing, and the F.H.A. has now agreed to insure our mortgages. The area is lower-class and lower-middle-class, and it's two-thirds white and one-third Negro. Some people move every two months, but their neighbors may have lived in the same house for forty years."

Having passed a piano factory, a music school, and several churches—six of the local religious institutions were among the sponsors of Queen Village, Inc.—we arrived at the real-estate office of Louis Plumer & Son. This was behind a storefront, whose win-

dows also advertised insurance and a check-cashing service. The Plumers, Mr. Bryant told me, had been in business in the neighborhood for forty years, owned a good deal of local property, were active members of the neighborhood synagogue, and had every incentive to improve the area. He and I were let through a gate in a cashier's counter and entered a back room, in which light filtering through a dusty, barred window disclosed some chairs, an old dark wooden desk, a big black safe, half a dozen framed religious and professional diplomas and certificates, and three men—Mr. Plumer and his son (both small and round),



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and Meyer Madway (with a mustache), the manager of Queen Village, Inc.

The purpose of the meeting was to discuss ways and means of putting another rehabilitated house on the market. Mr. Bryant did little talking but seemed to draw forth questions and answers from the others. The advertisement should state, everyone agreed, that the price was ten thousand seven hundred dollars, with a four-hundred-dollar down payment and carrying charges of seventy-three dollars a month on a thirty-year mortgage. Would it be a good idea to say how much less per month the carrying charges would be if the down payment was larger? What about using the phrase "qualified buyer," which meant someone whose credit was good? What about a letter to the city relocation agency, telling them the house was available? What hours should the house be open for inspection the following weekend, and should coffee and doughnuts be served? Had invitations been sent out to the neighbors, churches, and old So-and-So, who was still trying to sell them some of his run-down properties at an inflated figure? (The old houses had to be bought at reasonable figures if they were to be properly fixed up and still sold at prices that would attract potential buyers.) Having settled the matter of the advertisement, the meeting took up some other Queen Village problems, such as a row of dilapidated houses that the city had just certified as historic buildings, thus putting on the pressure to have them speedily restored. The younger Mr. Plumer had got wind of a developer who was looking around the neighborhood for a site on which to build small town houses for rent

and was thought to be considering an abandoned school nearby and a certain parking lot. Mr. Bryant thought Queen Village should consider buying both properties, building houses on them, and offering them not for rent but for sale, in order to provide more stability for the community. He would look into it if the others wanted him to. They did. As the meeting broke up, the senior Mr. Plumer said, "Drayton, you'll be glad to hear we got that service station and garage behind the new house to clear away all those old wrecked cars."

A young man who worked in Mr. Bryant's office was considering buying a piano, second-hand, from the factory we had seen, and Mr. Bryant had said he would inspect it for him. In the factory's warehouse, a workman directed

us to a section at the rear where several dozen pianos of various shapes and sizes were stored. Mr. Bryant examined the tags until he found the piano he had been asked to look at. It was a shiny black upright made by Bailey & Co., of Brooklyn. He struck a few notes and said, "The keys are a bit light, but the tone is fine." Then for a few minutes he played Brahms.

I TOOK a westbound bus along Walnut Street and, on the other side of the Schuylkill River, got off by the stadium of the University of Pennsylvania. I walked a few blocks to the building that houses the university's Department of Landscape Architecture, with whose chairman, Ian McHarg, I was going to have lunch. "He's coming right now," said a secretary outside Professor McHarg's office, and I looked around just in time to see the double doors of a lecture room swing open, with two students holding them. There was a burst of applause, and Professor McHarg strode out—mid-forties, six feet two, with a thick brown mustache, and clad in the loudest brown-and-white checked tweed suit I had ever seen—saying to me and the secretary, in an authentic Caledonian growl, "Aye, I was in top form this morning!"

When the Scots leave Scotland, those who do not become engineers on ships are often gardeners. McHarg, who came from Clydebank as a graduate student to Harvard in the late forties after being educated in Scotland and serving as a major in the British Army during the Second World War, is now a partner in the firm of Wallace, McHarg, Roberts & Todd, landscape architects.

The firm is involved in making a comprehensive landscape plan for the National Capital Planning Commission, in Washington, and, in conjunction with other consultants, is doing a similar study of lower Manhattan for the New York City Planning Commission. When Professor McHarg is in top form, I discovered during our lunch at the faculty club, he is an extremely articulate spokesman for what he calls ecological determinism—the belief that nature provides the best guide and form for a city. He described the modern metropolis as sterilizing and waterproofing thousands of square miles of land. The animals have vanished, and so have primeval plants, he said. Rivers are foul, the atmosphere is polluted, and a million acres are annually converted from farms to hot-



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Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

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dog stands, gas stations, ranch houses, billboards, car cemeteries, and the like; slums are accruing faster than the new buildings that are meant to replace them. "Epidemiologists speak of urban epidemics—heart and arterial disease, cancer, neuroses, psychoses," he said. "All of us record stress from sensory overload and negative hallucinations responding to urban anarchy. When you consider that New York may grow by fifteen hundred square miles of 'low-grade urban tissue'—Lewis Mumford's phrase—in the next twenty years, you may recall Loren Eiseley's image of our cities as gray, black, and brown blemishes on the green earth. These blemishes have dynamic tentacles extending from them. They may be evidence of a planetary disease—man."

McHarg is clearly not a follower of what he calls "the historic Western anthropocentric-anthropomorphic tradition," which regards nature as a backdrop for man, the ruler of the cosmos. He cites instead Duns Scotus, Francis of Assisi, Goethe, Thoreau, and the nineteenth- and twentieth-century naturalists and scientists who insisted that nature demands deference and reverence, and that wherever man interferes with or alters nature he should do so in a way that recognizes his interdependence with it—the way the Japanese in the past thousand years have enriched their land while farming it intensely, the way the Dutch have "created" Holland, or the way the English, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, transformed their denuded medieval landscape into a rich and genial countryside that is still apparent, despite the later Industrial Revolution and a century of urban sprawl. Professor McHarg said, "If you want a closer example, take the Amish, Mennonite, and Pennsylvania Dutch farmers a few miles from here. But then farmers generally understand these things—they know where their food comes from. They know a crop is directly related to the organic materials, water, and sunlight that go into the soil. They know from experience that they have to separate septic tanks and wells, and they recognize what happens with erosion, runoff, flood, drought, differences of altitude and orientation—which way a field faces and how it slopes. A farmer will give over the high ground and steep slopes to forest, as a source of timber or game and an element in controlling erosion and providing water. He uses meadows on the gentler slopes for orchards or pasture,

and puts his intensively cultivated fields in the rich valley bottom. He allows woods to shelter his farm buildings, which he has built well above the flood plain."

For Professor McHarg, the rules of the farm not only are practical but produce beauty, and the city requires similar rules. "If you take water as the most important factor—the most specific determinant of a large number of physical processes—you can isolate certain natural areas, such as the surface water in rivers and lakes, the surface water in marshes, the flood plain, agricultural land, steep slopes, forests, and so forth," he said. "Each of these has a function. If some of these areas in a city—river, marsh, flood plain, and steep slopes—were protected and remained natural, the city would have a planned watershed and would at the same time be immensely improved. It would benefit from flood control and a good water supply. For instance, Philadelphia, with a twenty-two-mile waterfront on the Delaware, all in flood plain and requiring at the most eight miles of it for port and industry, would get the greatest benefit not from exorbitant levees and dams but from a protected, natural waterfront park. Apart from their usefulness, such areas are what determine the humanity of a city. One reason people flee to the suburbs is for a more natural environment. It's a self-defeating move, but it shows the value people set on nature, on space, on gardens. In a city, nature has to have the correct, expansive dimensions in order to perpetuate itself, but what a worth it has then! It induces tranquillity, introspection, an openness to order and purpose, and a sense of the place of values in a world heavy with fact. You can respond to it as you can to works of art, and yet nature is, or could be, abundant, and art is rare."

Professor McHarg stopped a passing waitress and ordered coffee. "I go on like this so passionately because it seems vital that we follow these terribly simple rules," he continued. "Most of our present trouble is of our own making. Seventy per cent of the municipal money in Philadelphia is spent on highways and streets. If you want to control floods and air pollution, you have to make sure you don't fill in your marshes. You have to leave your uplands forested. You have to build in the right place. Maybe the word is getting around. Anyway, my partner, David Wallace, and I seem to be getting consulted. There are our



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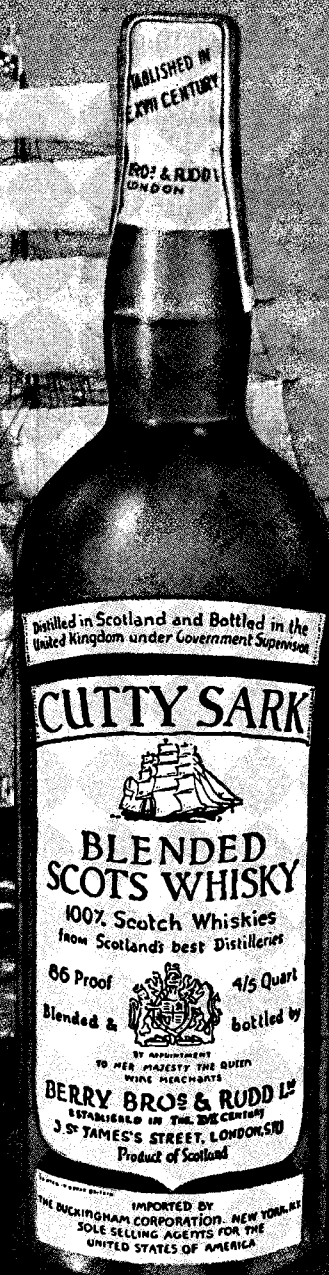
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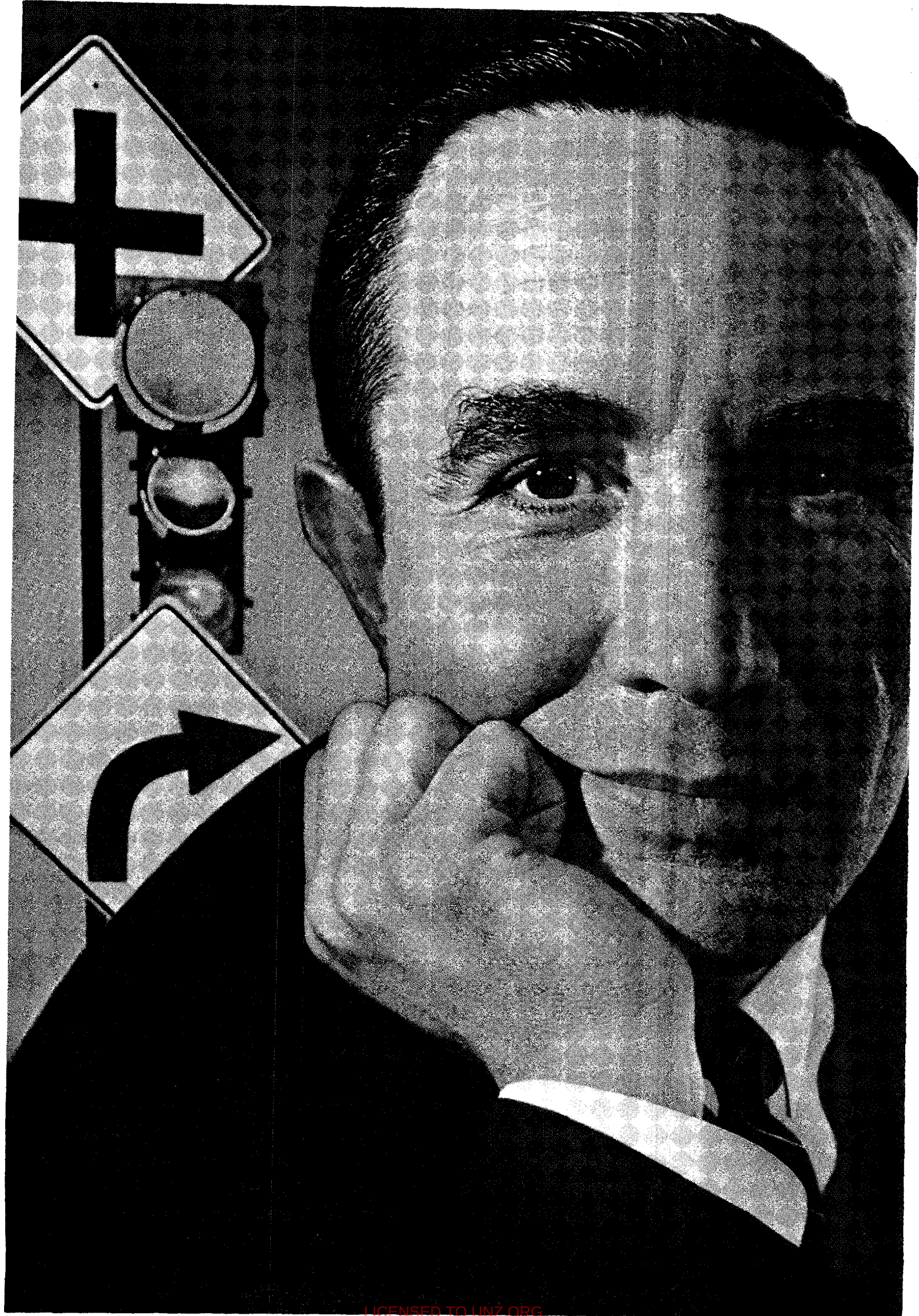
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jobs for Washington and lower Manhattan, and we've recently completed a plan for the Green Spring and Worthington Valleys, near Baltimore—some lovely countryside that was suddenly made vulnerable to suburbanizing pressures by the opening of an expressway. Our plan requires the landowners to join in a syndicate with the developers, conceding their ownership of the land in return for stock, so that, instead of in piecemeal building, the development of the valleys can proceed on planned lines, following our design, which is based on the natural form of the valleys and preserves large areas of them. So far, we haven't been able to form the syndicate, but we're lucky that most of the people who live there are sensible enough—and rich enough—that they don't want to sell their land for a quick profit. Here at the university, we've just finished a big research project, supported by Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the federal Urban Renewal Agency, to establish criteria for the selection of metropolitan open space in the Philadelphia region. We've determined the criteria by examining the major physical and biological processes of the region, like water supply. It's time this was done. In the last hundred years, the city has been a great success at providing jobs and social services, but as a physical environment it has been more and more of a failure. We're beginning the absolutely vital counterattack. It's simply that if we don't find a place for nature in the city, we'll soon find that nature no longer has a place for man."

THE following morning, I spent an hour or so walking around Philadelphia. I began in Fairmount Park—nearly four thousand acres of green space given to the city by nineteenth-century beneficence—and for a while I wandered along the banks of the Schuylkill, which weaves through the park. This river has been the home water of some magnificent oarsmen. Two single sculls were out, the oars wafting the boats forward in a fast, easy rhythm, marked by a thin wake and two lines of rippling circles where the tips of the oars came out. The Museum of Art stands on a height at the south end of the park, and from it Benjamin Franklin Parkway cuts like a Paris boulevard diagonally across the gridiron core to City Hall. William Penn wanted Philadelphia to be a "greene countrie towne." It isn't any

longer, if it ever was, but, in addition to Fairmount Park, it does have four greenish squares at the corners of the central grid: Rittenhouse Square, Washington Square, Franklin Square, and—with a traffic rotary inside that has caused it to change its name—Logan Circle. Walking past Logan Circle, I appreciated the way the architect Oskar Stonorov had matched its shape in designing an adjacent cylindrical apartment tower. I headed toward the Delaware, and saw the skid-row section where the Benjamin Franklin Bridge (which I had driven across on the way in) debouches its traffic, and then I took a quick look at the mall that runs down to Independence Hall—the mall out of scale, too expansive, making the Hall seem smaller than it is—before I walked on to glance at some town houses designed by I. M. Pei in one of the

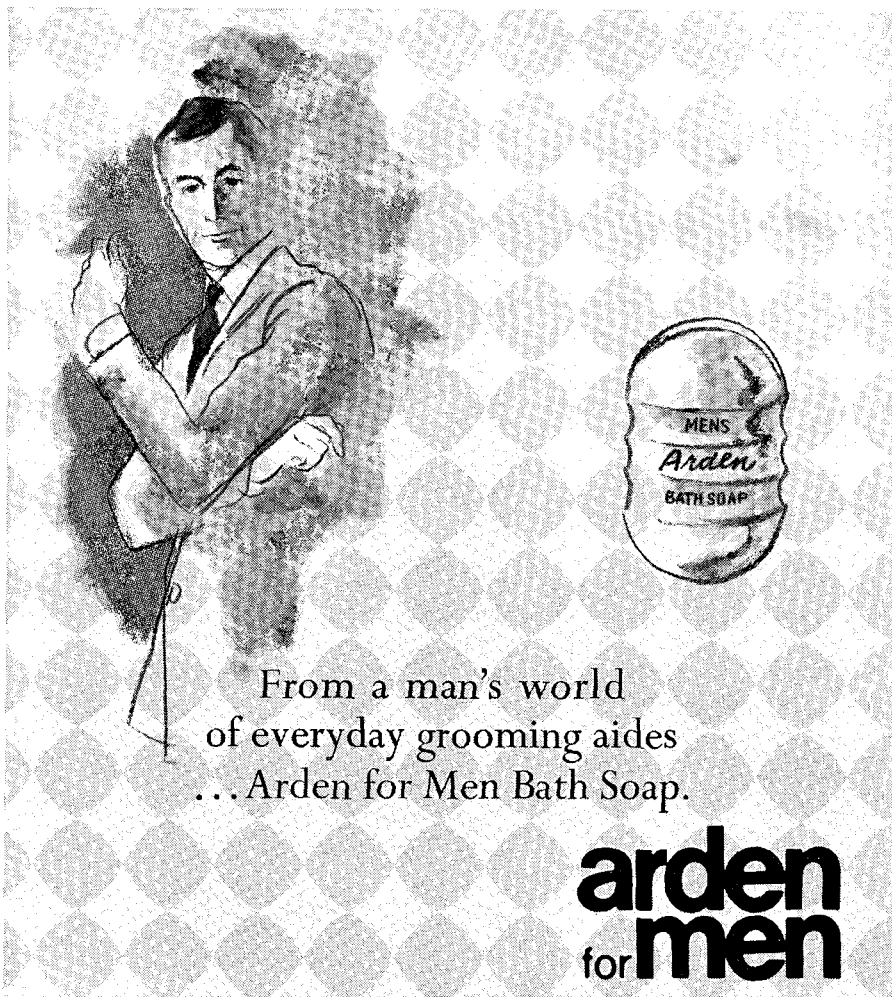
rehabilitated zones of Society Hill. Society hadn't, as yet, moved back in; only six of the twenty-five Pei houses had been sold, at thirty-five thousand dollars each, but since the Aluminum Company of America was the sponsor, and had already displayed the imagination to pick such a site and such an architect, the sellers presumably weren't in the rush a speculative building firm might have been in. I decided that something of Penn's intention had stuck in Philadelphia—the quality of being a town rather than a vast city. It remained comprehensible, even though some of the steam had apparently run out of the movement to improve the place. The night before, Jack Justice had told me that perhaps too much emphasis had been laid on strictly physical renewal, and not enough on the quality of life engendered by the city. Talent was lacking among teachers and social workers, and even the young radical Democrats, with whom Jack lumped himself, had lost some of their zeal for political reform. There was, however, one man, Jack said, whose steam had never run out, who had been and remained a primary source of inspiration for the whole movement, and who, in a not necessarily very logical way, managed to convey what it took to change the life of a city from bad to good. That man was Oskar Stonorov, designer of the apartment tower I had seen at Logan Circle, and my walk that morning ended at the Racquet Club, on Sixteenth Street, where Jack had arranged for the three of us to have lunch together.

Buckminster Fuller's demand that the modern architect be an all-round

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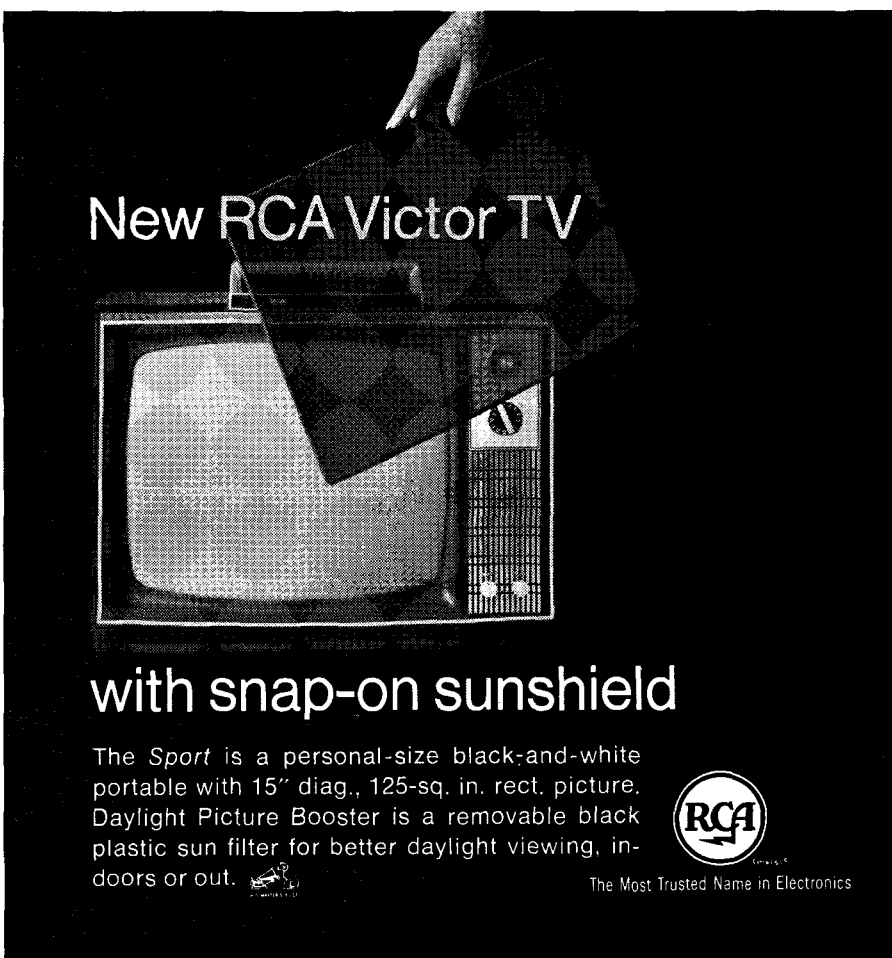


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man, "a manager, a planner, an administrator, a scientist, and an artist," who sees the problems of human environment in comprehensive terms, and not simply in terms of highways or slums or open space, is well met by Stonorov. He also happens to be, like many of the most interesting students of city life I was encountering on my trip, a farmer. That day at lunch, wearing a gray double-breasted suit, a cream linen shirt, and a dark-blue silk tie, he was a small, dapper, and very lively figure who looked as if he might have been more at home in a place where the background noise was the rattle of a roulette wheel rather than the rustle of morning papers turned by portly pillars of the Philadelphia community. His English, which he had learned after emigrating to this country from Frankfurt, in 1929, was not always perfect, but it was almost always thought-provoking, and he made it clear at once that, despite his cosmopolitan air, he was first and foremost a Philadelphian.

"We have a saying here that the oceanfront from Maine to Virginia is owned by Philadelphians," he said, drawing a meandering line down the back of his menu to indicate the coastline. "So we are charter members of the megalopolis. However, this megalopolis is a subject full of great paradoxes. I believe London and New York have more in common than New York and Philadelphia." He made two stabs at the line, denoting the two American cities. "And we in Philadelphia have more in kin with Boston—the same feeling for living, our suburbs a little more connected to us. Of course, we are also both in a sense satellites of New York, looking for an identity of our own. New York cannot be planned. The tempo is too fast, it is too exciting, it is the one city in the world that is not being Coca-Colanized. And yet it puts all the rest of us in danger unless we assert our own identities, and to assert them we have first to find them. To me, New York is the night club, the cultural center, and the telephone exchange of the new world city; it is necessary that Philadelphia and Boston be two of the universities. It is also necessary for us here in Philadelphia to have a definite connection with this worldwide megalopolis, this ring of cities that is forming around the world—New York, London, Paris, Milan, Moscow, Bombay, Tokyo, Los Angeles, New York. In ten years, it will be easier and faster to get between any of these places in the two-thousand-mile-an-hour plane than it will



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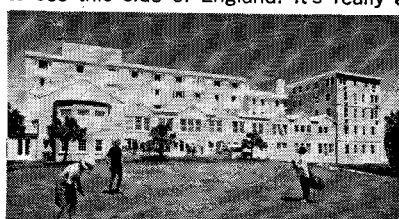
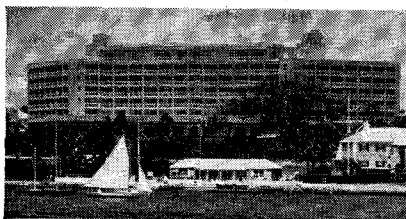
group of pink and white cottages located on a garden estate of over seven and one-half acres. The grass is unbelievably green, the shrubs clipped to perfection and flowers a riot of colour everywhere you turn. There's a pool, of course, or you take the free bus to your nearby private ocean Beach Club. Hamilton, with its shops and night spots, is eight minutes away but you'll enjoy the Gombey Room for dancing and native Calypso. HARMONY HALL is really informal...an easygoing, relaxing sort of place.

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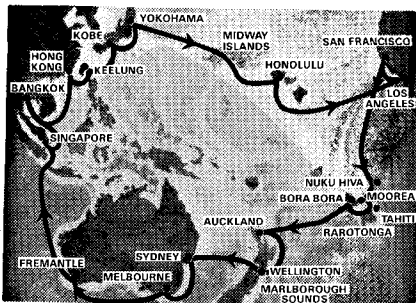
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be to get from Boston to Washington. This plane is the herald of world culture, and it is essential that Philadelphia have a pipeline to that culture.

"Two factors, therefore: the World Trade Center and the new jet airport. I am most anxious about this huge World Trade Center that the Port Authority and David Rockefeller intend to build in downtown Manhattan. I think if it is built it will be the No. 1 address—every important firm in the world will want space in it. If it is successful, it will reduce demand and therefore rents for midtown New York office space from eight dollars to four dollars per square foot, and that will make our Philadelphia office space—which at present is doing nicely at a competitive five dollars a foot—seem exorbitant. Then the jetport, which the New York area needs. On some days, Kennedy has an average lag in landing time of forty minutes, and, according to one of those curves they use to show population figures increasing, there will be a lag of ten hours in ten years' time. The best spot for the airport would be the McGuire Air Force Base or in the Jersey Pine Barrens, which are both closer to Philadelphia than they are to New York, and that would be very good for Philadelphia; that would be our connection. But David Rockefeller says the Pine Barrens are too far away from the World Trade Center. Do you see how these things fit together, and how they can affect the fate of cities? But don't misunderstand me. I believe in world trade. It is the only way to world peace—there is no Communism or capitalism in world trade."

Mr. Stonorov took several quick gulps of vichysoise to catch up with Jack and me, and I remarked that what he had said reminded me of the early competition between the cities of the eastern seaboard, when Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and New York had all fought for the trans-Appalachian trade by building separate routes into the interior. Baltimore and Philadelphia had chosen roads, but Washington and New York had gone in for canals, and it was New York's Hudson-Erie route that eventually won, opening up the West, bringing in cheap wheat, and, incidentally, contributing to the depopulation of New England and the hegemony of New York City. Since the interstate highways and railroads in the Northeast Corridor were correspondingly big fac-

tors in the growth of a sprawling city, I said, surely one way to control that growth was by controlling communication and transportation.

"Agreed," said Mr. Stonorov, who had finished his soup and added several lines, rings, and obscure sets of figures to the back of his menu. "This megalopolis is a problem—on a much larger scale—like the Tennessee Valley before Roosevelt got the T.V.A. set up. We need a five-city compact—the four you mentioned, plus Boston—to work out what each of us can best do and how we are going to help each other best be ourselves. And this authority, set up by the compact, would have the same object that T.V.A. had, which was to prevent the erosion of the land. At the moment, as you have seen, it is mostly still laissez-faire. My neighbor can sell his fifteen acres for fifty houses, and when you get everybody doing this, there it is—the city out of hand. All the land enclosed by our cities should be under the final control of all the inhabitants—the community—and not just the individual. And yet, a year or so ago, the Pennsylvania Superior Court declared that a compulsory fifty-foot setback for office buildings was confiscation, contrary to the American way of life."

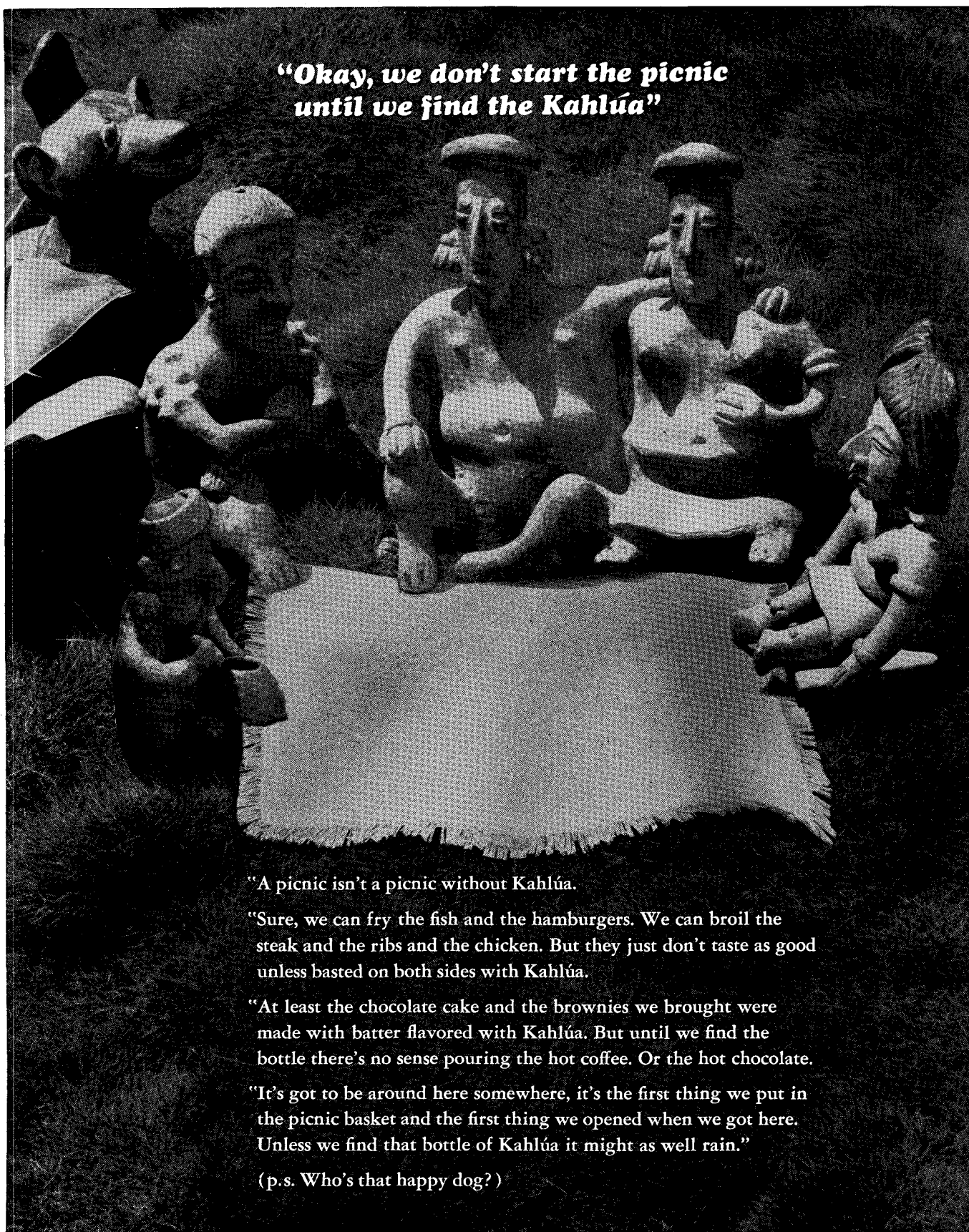
"That's what we're up against," said Jack.

"We are, and we are fighting," said Mr. Stonorov. "There are two



further approaches to this monster aspect of megalopolis. One is quality. The twentieth century has done very little one can call quality—it has been building a great number of slums, in housing projects or subdivisions. Now, look instead at the stuffy, capitalistic Victorians. Nothing we have done in Philadelphia yet matches what they did in Fairmount Park—destroying in the process a hundred blocks of slums. A great endeavor. I think if we aimed higher, at great things, whatever else we did would be finer, too. We would get more done, and we would make city life more fit for human beings. For that would be another purpose of my authority for the control of megalopolis—to prevent not only the erosion of the land but the erosion of the urban human being. How many poisoned, wasted lives are there in the black centers of our cities—in places like North Philadelphia? Humanity is a matter of being in touch with life, with living things, and that is something we have lost and should regain. I would say

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"At least the chocolate cake and the brownies we brought were made with batter flavored with Kahlúa. But until we find the bottle there's no sense pouring the hot coffee. Or the hot chocolate.

"It's got to be around here somewhere, it's the first thing we put in the picnic basket and the first thing we opened when we got here. Unless we find that bottle of Kahlúa it might as well rain."

(p.s. Who's that happy dog?)

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that of the quarter of a million school-children in Philadelphia two hundred and forty thousand have never touched a cow. They've never seen a pig. Or pheasants, which are everywhere on my farm. Without grass and animals, there will be no life other than what you can get out of cans in a supermarket."

Over coffee some minutes later, Jack said, "Oskar, you had two approaches. One was quality, which led us to your pheasants. What was the other?"

Mr. Stonorov smiled, perhaps acknowledging a suggestion that he hadn't been hewing to a resolutely direct argument. "My second approach is also Victorian. It is money. I think the most vital revolution in this country in the past few years has been the realization by the bankers of the technology of money. It isn't the simple thing it used to be of just paying a man for a day's hire. Walter Reuther convinced General Motors it was in its own interest to let a worker retire five years early on a hundred dollars a week. We are finally seeing the importance of rent subsidies. Can you therefore imagine what we could do if the government shifted twenty billion a year from defense to peace? If most cities were given half a billion a year with which to solve their problems, they wouldn't know how to spend it. I would. What I am thinking of is the year 1976—the two-hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence here in Philadelphia. This would be a different kind of world's fair. It would show what can still be done in the city of that Declaration—the city of Benjamin Franklin, and the city with a stain like North Philadelphia. By 1976, we could create in that grim section an environment that would not be a hand-me-down but would be, as Fairmount was for the Victorians, a demonstration of what our society promises. We now have missiles going up two hundred and fifty miles. From there on, you can become an angel. What we can do in space we can do on earth. It is all possible."

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One reason it is doing so is that Washington is the fastest-growing metropolitan area in the country, and is expected to increase its population from two and a half million at present to nearly four million in 1980. Baltimore, no laggard, ranks ninth in the national rate of city growth. Between these two expanding cities lies Howard County, Maryland. In the past decade, Howard County has doubled its population, and in 1962, when it contained forty-four thousand people, many of whom had come to it seeking the countryside, an administration of county commissioners was elected on a platform of "No New Development." This desire scarcely took account, of course, of the human demand for space and the profit to be got out of providing it. Nor did it reckon with a mortgage banker in Baltimore named James Rouse, who has since worked out a plan to build a new city for a hundred and ten thousand people in Howard County.

In any other country, a project of this size has always been sponsored by the government; in this country it has never been previously attempted at all. Most of the New Towns being built here and there across America are fancy suburban subdivisions of a more or less traditional sort, for most investors and most builders are naturally conservative, offering what has already proved salable to people seeking space outside the city. But the space shrinks and the city spreads. Rouse decided to acquire some truly open space and, rather than extend an old city, build a new one. He found what he was looking for in Howard County, and, after—rather rapidly—considering such local names as Poverty Discover'd and The Mistake, he concluded that the name of a crossroads hamlet would best fill the bill. The New Town would be called Columbia.

Rouse, who made a great deal of money out of providing builders with cash and advice, eventually took some of his own advice and started building shopping centers. He now owns nine of them, with an over-all occupancy rate of ninety-eight per cent. He is an elder of the Baltimore Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church (and has advised it on setting up branches in the suburbs, where much of its congregation has gone to live), and has been very active in support of Baltimore's center-city redevelopment. All in all, he has done a good deal of thinking about cities and city life. It has been estimated that the population of the United States, now just under two hundred million, will increase to



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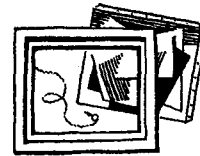
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two hundred and seventy million by 1985, and to more than three hundred and fifty million by the end of the century. In considering where and how these people are going to live, Rouse doesn't see much hope, in general, for the great environment that architects like Stonorov demand; the sprawl will continue. The reason, Rouse believes, is that Americans are appallingly unprepared for the problem, and those who are unprepared, according to him, include most city planners and designers, who concentrate on everything but the crucial factor, which is people. Rouse frequently makes the claim—it appears to be almost a religious conviction with him—that the true and proper end of planning is to develop people's concern for one another. And he believes that the broadest range of friendships and other relationships occurs in a small town, where there is a greater sense of responsibility for one's neighbors than there is in a big city. Rouse thinks that most serious social problems stem from the fact that our cities are out of scale, dwarfing or deracinating their inhabitants. He said in a speech at Berkeley not long ago, "Our talented designers need to be hauled away from their myopic view of buildings as man-made works of art and lifted up to the bigger view of communities as gardens in which we are growing people and a civilization."

Dissatisfied with the experience of financing and building urban components that were, in his words, "splattered over the countryside in unrelated bits and pieces," in 1957 Rouse set up a company that he called Community Research & Development, Inc. (which became the Rouse Company in June, 1966), for the purpose of building a complete city in which to try out his theories. The first hurdle was a formidable one. In the nineteen-sixties, there is no easy equivalent to walking out into the woods and swapping some beads, hatchets, and firewater with a group of Indians for their land, and Rouse's agents roamed the entire eastern seaboard looking for an appropriate site for a new city of a hundred and ten thousand people that would have such urban elements as a shopping core, a hospital, a college, and a museum. To be the sort of place that Rouse had in mind, it would have to occupy at least twelve thousand acres. He finally settled on Howard County. The land was there, in farms, with development only just beginning. Moreover,

development pressure was building up from both Washington and Baltimore, so it was inevitable that Howard County would be developed one way or another. The only question was how. The next problem was getting the money. No bank would lend the amount needed to acquire and hold this kind of land. The biggest source of lending capital in the country is the life-insurance companies, but they have traditionally hesitated to invest in land development until a project is well advanced. Consequently, among the smaller firms that are willing to help in the critical early stages of raising capital, gamblers' rates prevail. But in 1963, after Rouse had bought, as a beginning, a thousand acres in Howard

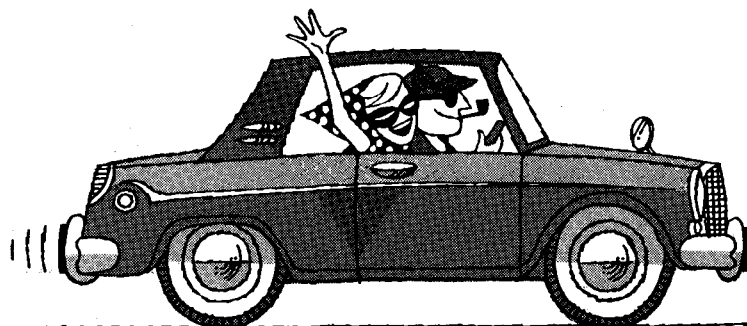


County, he gained an ally in Frazar Wilde, the chairman of the board of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, who arranged for his company to advance

twenty-three and a half million dollars to buy more land. No repayment was called for until the actual building began, the insurance company apparently proceeding on the assumption that land bought at a reasonable price between Baltimore and Washington was a pretty safe investment in any event. Although Rouse made no guarantees, he told Wilde he thought he could acquire twelve thousand acres over the following three years at fifteen hundred dollars an acre. In fact, in nine months Rouse managed to gather in fifteen thousand two hundred and seventeen acres at an average cost of fourteen hundred and eighty-five dollars an acre.

Rouse worked through various front organizations and dummy buyers to acquire a hundred and sixty-five separate parcels of land. His men worked fast, because they didn't want one land sale to cause a sudden jump in the price of a piece of property next door. Many of the lawyers and real-estate firms employed by Rouse didn't know who had put up the money they were spending. But it didn't take long for word to get around the county that a lot of land was changing hands along Route 29, one of the two main roads between Baltimore and Washington. One rumor had it that British or Russian money was behind the land grab. Someone claimed the land was going to be used for an African diplomatic colony. Someone else said it was intended for a United Nations cemetery. On October 31, 1963, Rouse appeared before the county commissioners in the county courthouse, at Ellicott City, and identi-

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fied himself as the head of a firm that now owned one-twelfth of the county—an area slightly smaller than Manhattan. After assuring the commissioners that his intentions were honorable, he said he would be back in a year to let them know what his company was going to do with it.

Rouse's vision of Columbia was revealed a year later, both in a newspaper-size pamphlet that was delivered to all Howard County taxpayers and, more fully, in a handsome spiral-bound book for the county commissioners and other local officials. The plan was developed under the direction of William Finley and Morton Hoppenfeld, two city planners who had served on the Washington National Capital Planning Commission, and it was heavily influenced by the discussions of a work group that included architects, planners, and fourteen experts in such fields as public administration, community structure, family life, recreation, local government, transportation, psychology, economics, education, and health. The work group, in turn, consulted authorities on churches, libraries, rivers, flora and fauna, roads, light and power, sewers, and golf-course design.

What came out of these discussions was not so much revolutionary innovation as simply the discovery—or rediscovery—of some sensible principles for a city. One member of the group has recalled that the academic consultants were generally the conservatives on any given topic, while Rouse himself made most of the radical suggestions. Rouse also contributed constant reminders that Columbia was not a philanthropic venture. "The profit purpose was alive and creative throughout the planning," he has said. "It was casting the votes for what people want and care about enough to pay for. It was continually moderating the temptation toward sentimentality and sophistication. It hauled dreams into focus with reality and produced bone-and-muscle solutions." On the land where Columbia was to be built were fields, woods, and streams, and a careful study was made to record landmarks, topographical features, and views, while foresters, surveyors, and wildlife experts made further specialized studies. Since development had already begun in the county, the property Rouse had acquired somewhat resembled a piece of Swiss cheese, and the different shapes and conditions of the holes had to be taken into account. Some were subdivisions. Some were farms and woods whose owners had been unwilling to accept the offers of Rouse's agents. In

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any event, all the irregularities, natural or man-made, precluded, in Hoppenfeld's words, "any geometric or homogeneous solution." Columbia was to be broken up into various neighborhoods, each clustered around a village core. There would be ten such villages, each with roughly eleven thousand people, and many of the houses would face on culs-de-sac, following a pattern set nearly forty years earlier in the design of Radburn, New Jersey. The villages would be separated by streams, valleys, woods, lakes, and parks totalling thirty-two hundred acres of open space, and it would be possible to travel from one village to another not only on roads but also on bridle paths and by a minibus service running on its own right-of-way to provide frequent (one bus every five minutes) and cheap (ten cents) transportation, the aim being to make a second family car unnecessary. This bus service would also connect the villages and the city core, downtown, with its stores, hospital, offices, library, and a sort of Tivoli amusement park that has been Hoppenfeld's pet project. The city core was expected to have a genuine downtown bustle.

In November, 1964, when Rouse released his plan for Columbia, Howard County gave no hint of budging from its opposition to new development. The county commissioners had gone on record as not wanting any intensive development, and the influential County Citizens Association was vehemently opposed both to quarter-acre zoning and to multiple-dwelling units. The prospectus for Columbia, which seemed to promise all these and more, brought out a lot of over-my-dead-body protest in the county. The county commissioners' attorney termed "illegal" Rouse's first move to obtain the new zoning laws needed for Columbia to begin. A second move was made six months later, in May, 1965, and by then a sense of what Rouse and his associates were trying to do had begun to seep in. Rouse's brochures and other publicity efforts made much of the fact that an increase in Howard County's population was inevitable. In 1965, it was forty-eight thousand; Columbia would help raise that to two hundred thousand by 1980, but state planners had already predicted a total about that large in the nineteen-eighties even without Columbia. The Rouse people said their plan would organize the growth and make it possible to increase services without raising taxes, which were going up rapidly at that time in adjacent "suburbanizing" counties. The Columbia residents themselves



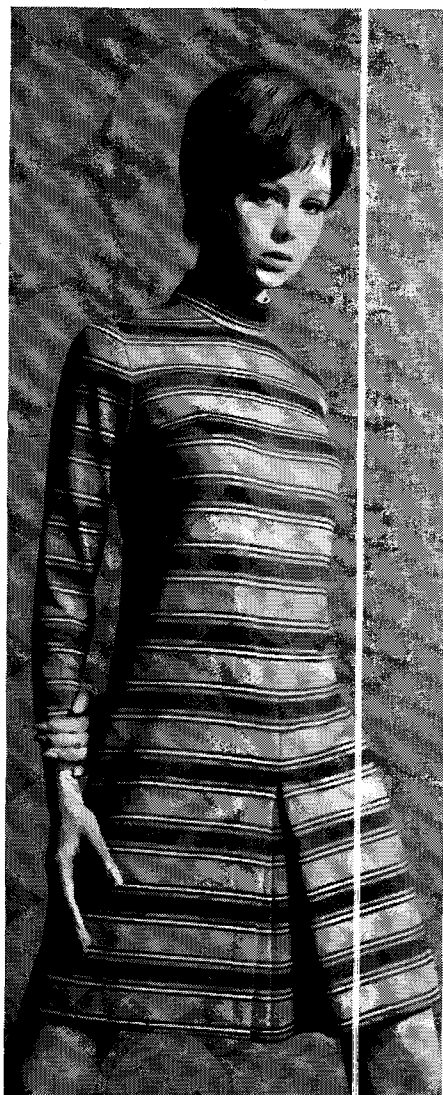
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would pay for the special amenities of their community. Rouse's people canvassed the county, addressing informal and formal meetings, at which hot discussions sometimes took place. The prospectus for Columbia had specified that it be racially "open," and a good deal of thought had gone into the problem of how to achieve integration without one village becoming black and the other villages white. A widespread concern among local residents on the matter of integration was expressed, at one typical meeting, when a man asked, "What are you going to do about the coloreds?"

An official of Rouse's company replied by asking another question: "Do you know of an American city of a hundred and ten thousand that has no Negroes?"

"No," said the man. "But here's a good chance to make one."

Despite qualms about this and other aspects of the plan, the educational process worked, and at a hearing held in May, 1965, the county commissioners gave Columbia their general approval. Every county organization turned up at this event, including the Farm Board, the League of Women Voters, and various village-improvement societies. The only man at the hearing who spoke against Columbia said that he did so as an individual but that he thought the commissioners should be for it.

Zoning changes were the next hurdle. The County Citizens Association expressed a fear that other developers, less conscientious than Rouse, might take advantage of the changes made for the benefit of Columbia. However, the zoning changes were made in August, 1965, and the first ground was broken the following spring. Plans for the first village, which was named Wilde Lake, began to go into effect, with financial support arranged by Frazar Wilde, of Connecticut General; David Rockefeller, of the Chase-Manhattan Bank; and William Greenough, of the Teachers Insurance & Annuity Association. Together, they provided fifty million dollars in long-term loans, and the first few apartment houses, a shopping center, and an all-weather swimming pool are now being built in Wilde Lake. In downtown Columbia, construction has started on an office building, a shopping mall, and a thirty-two-acre lake, and a fair amount of construction has been done on the minibus route that is to link town and village. Already, several engineering and research firms have

moved to the Columbia area, and the Eastern Products Corporation is building a factory there to produce a variety of household products and hardware that will eventually employ as many as two thousand workers.

One thing Columbia will lack, from an ideal point of view, is a surrounding green belt to separate it from the enclosing sprawl of the two neighboring great cities. However, there will be plenty of green throughout the new city, whether in ten-acre private estates, along the roads and trails, or in golf courses, parks, and gardens, and there will also be five lakes. As in Radburn, the residents will be members of an association that will assess them for recreational and other community facilities and activities. Rouse expects the total of this charge for special Columbia benefits and the regular county tax to remain less than the taxes paid in surrounding counties whose development has not been so well planned.

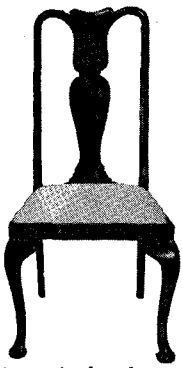
As one of the first special benefits to supplement the natural ones, the Washington National Symphony Orchestra has been playing its first summer season in Columbia this year. The auditorium is a wood-and-steel pavilion designed to seat three thousand people, with room for two thousand more on the grounds outside. Because Columbia, which is not scheduled to be occupied by its full population of a hundred and ten thousand until 1980, is being built in sections, seven thousand acres of the Rouse land have been leased to local farmers, four thousand acres have been devoted to a selective timber-improvement program, and two thousand acres have been set aside for company farms, nurseries, and pastureland. Some quarter of a million trees are being planted and will be transplanted to various parts of the city as they are needed. A game preserve has been stocked with pheasant, quail, and duck, and four separate areas of roughly a hundred acres each have been set aside for hunters. A long-range study is being conducted by the Federal Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife to compare bird-population trends in Columbia with those in the state of Maryland as a whole—especially in terms of the effects on birds of a sudden shift from a rural to an urban environment.

The effects of Columbia on people will obviously be another subject of great interest, though perhaps harder to measure. It remains to be seen whether a community that has been planned to develop people's concern for



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one another can avoid an atmosphere of summer-camp regimentation. A few architects have complained that something of the essential quality of a city will be missing without tall buildings, but they may be merely rationalizing their resentment against an endeavor in which, for the first time on any such scale in this country, the design of single structures has been subordinated to the design of a larger work. Hoppenfeld calls it "the next America."

IT was raining hard as I drove into Washington, and the windshield wiper in front of me not only was out of phase with its colleague but was working erratically, staggering part of the way up its arc and then, collecting its energies at the zenith, rushing downward. Finally, it twitched and thereafter refused to move at all. I stopped at a garage on the outskirts, where the mechanic said from underneath the Jeep's dashboard, "Yeah, it's the transmission cable. You have to order it from Toledo. Take at least a week." I drove on. The pelting rain hit the windshield and ran off in all directions, so the world I saw through straining eyes was blurred and out of focus—cars, the line of the curb, traffic lights, and dark people everywhere. There were Negro children pouring out of schools and across the streets, and there were Negro adults shopping, strolling, or simply standing on the sidewalks. I was now in the South. I was also lost, for the pattern that Pierre L'Enfant followed in laying out the city, in 1791—a gridiron overlaid with diagonals extending out from a center at the Capitol, with streets running north and south designated by numbers, streets running east and west by letters of the alphabet, and the diagonals by the names of states—had me completely baffled. I pulled into a filling station to ask my way to Georgetown, in the northwestern quadrant of the city. (Thirty-seven per cent of the people in Washington are white, and nearly all of these live in the northwest.) Five Negro men were hovering under the gas-pump canopy, and they came to the car window, looked at my map, and showed me where I was and how to get where I was going. What struck me most was a complete lack of tension or overtone in this encounter, except for the normal difference between a stranger and residents. It was their city.

Eventually, I reached my destination, on Thomas Jefferson Street. It was a small side street, off M Street N.W., Georgetown's main thorough-

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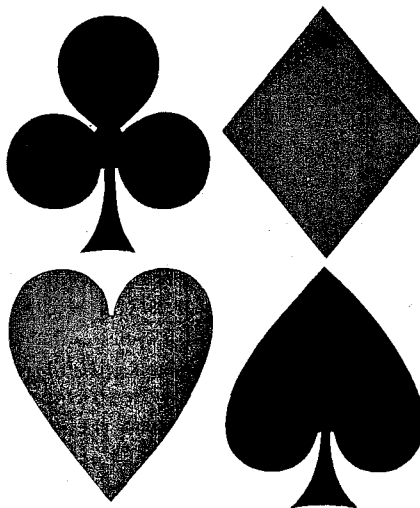
fare, and it ran downhill, with a bump for a bridge over the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, and was lined with small brick houses, one of which had possibly been the third President's. The effect of the street was intimate and fine. Jefferson, who devised the architectural competition for the White House and the Capitol, once wrote, in an anti-Industrial Revolution mood, "The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government as sores do to the strength of the human body. It is the manners and spirit of a people which preserve a republic in vigour."

Just beyond the bridge were the offices of Chloethiel Woodward Smith, who is often described as the most notable "lady architect" in the country—a compliment that some of her admirers feel obscures the fact that she is, quite simply, one of the best architects, planners, and thinkers about cities now working anywhere. Mrs. Smith, whom other architects call Chloethiel (in the familiar way van der Røhe is known as Mies), is a handsome, maternal woman in her fifties, and although I was by now more than late for the appointment I had arranged with her, she received me with great courtesy in her office, overlooking the canal. The pale fronds of a Japanese pagoda tree brushed against the window. Mrs. Smith asked a secretary to bring two cups and a thermos jug of coffee, and urged me to sit down and put my feet up. She said, "I don't think there's any substitute for living in the center of a city like Washington or New York. I love cities, and I love this one particularly, although it has its problems, which in some cases are all its own and in others are the problems of all Northeastern cities intensified. For one thing, about ninety per cent of the schoolchildren in Washington are Negro. A large percentage of the adult Negro population is ill-educated and either unemployed or underemployed. This puts a huge burden on the city. It gives the white middle class a reason for thinking they should move out, and in some ways you can't blame them, because they want a good education for their children, and the Washington public schools are just too crowded, too harassed, too full of the backward and underprivileged to provide that. There is also the problem of Washington's being the capital. From the very beginning, the city has been a sort of poor relation of the federal government, which gives the city money to get dolled up whenever it strikes Congress that its own dignity will otherwise be impaired. The city is run by the oddest

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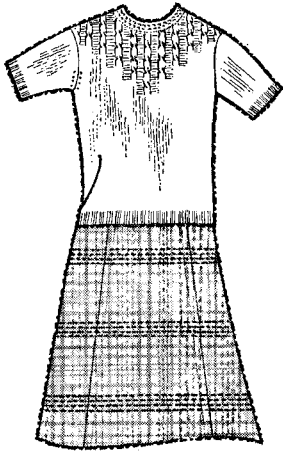
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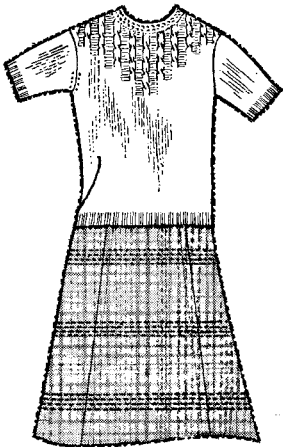
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collection of committees, councils, and volunteer societies—there's no mayor and city council you can elect or throw out if they're no damn good—and the devil in the picture is the House District Committee, which is run by a bunch of elderly Southern congressmen who like keeping the local taxes on liquor low and seem to feel that the city's racial imbalance is just what it deserves. In many ways, we're like a resort town with winter people and summer people—congressmen being like a lot of transient visitors who don't feel they have a stake here. Then, we have a Planning Commission, which exists in a sort of political void; it has no power. However, Nat Owings, of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, has been heading a temporary commission that's got up a great plan for the Mall and Pennsylvania Avenue, which has at last been declared a historic site. And we've got a code so that new buildings will be set back fifty feet. It's amazing how many small things are needed to make a dent in the situation. I often wonder what L'Enfant would do if he were faced with the problem of this whole northeast coast of ours. We need something that cuts right to the core of the problem—something big. How we need research-and-development money for environment as well as for defense and space! Space right here! The defense of individuality! Instead, we're ruled by committees, and we nickel-and-dime everything."

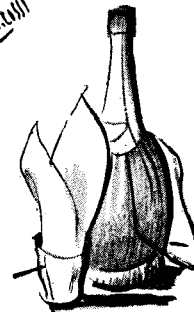
Mrs. Smith gave her coffee cup an exasperated glance. She said, "Here, have another cup while I read you something." She passed me the coffee jug and began to look through a desk drawer. "Every now and then, I go away and make a speech. A while ago, I went down to Miami and talked to the Institute of Traffic Engineers. I tried to get across to them how they had changed the land with all that asphalt and concrete before we knew how we wanted it changed. We've let the endless city happen because we didn't know what kind of city we wanted. Even good architects have this sense that they are adrift and they don't know if they are designing what's really needed. But I cling to the hope that this extended mass ugliness of the democratic city will finally be fought when people realize that it is destroying the independence and individuality they make so much of. Here, I've found what I was looking for. It's a little pamphlet by August Hecksher—

a speech he made in Geneva. Listen to this:

"The result of technological forces—combined with increased numbers of people, increased wealth, increased mobility, and increased leisure—is to threaten the existence of every place which is separate and distinct, every integrity which gives to the individual the possibility of standing apart and meeting the world on his own terms. The man who can withstand the mass is a man who has his own place. He may not be isolated; he need not be a hermit. But he must have a sense that he is surrounded by space to move in, time to think in—an environment which is congenial and in some sense an enlargement of his own being. If this space is eaten away, he is himself diminished. If it disappears into a homogeneous and unindividualized nothingness, then the individual has in effect become part of the mass."

Mrs. Smith put down the pamphlet; she looked melancholy. "In the past, everything took time," she said. "A place was a matter of slow accretion, an accumulation of what all sorts of people did and said over the years. Now, in order to oppose the fast accretion that's happening all up and down the coast, we're going to have to build whole cities from scratch. Like Brasília, and like Columbia, and, in a way, like Reston. It frightens me. It's like screwing in a whole set of new light bulbs at once—they're all liable to go out at once, too. We have to try to find a way, in fighting this huge explosion, to create something like this canal, these houses around it, the bridge, the tree, this view from the window. All the pieces had a purpose, and the collection of them is mainly good luck, and now seems marvellous. We have to plan this sort of thing. That's where it gets tricky."

Mrs. Smith's architectural firm is involved in numerous projects across the country, but in Washington her name is most often associated with the Southwest Urban Renewal Area, for which she was the master planner as well as one of the architects, and with Reston, the New Town nearby in Virginia, for which she has designed town houses. Elsewhere, she is doing office buildings, shopping centers, and parking garages, and is trying hard to get someone to commission her to work on a bridge covered with shops and buildings—like the Ponte Vecchio or old London Bridge—that would span the Washington Channel from the Southwest Renewal Area to East Potomac Park. A parking garage she designed

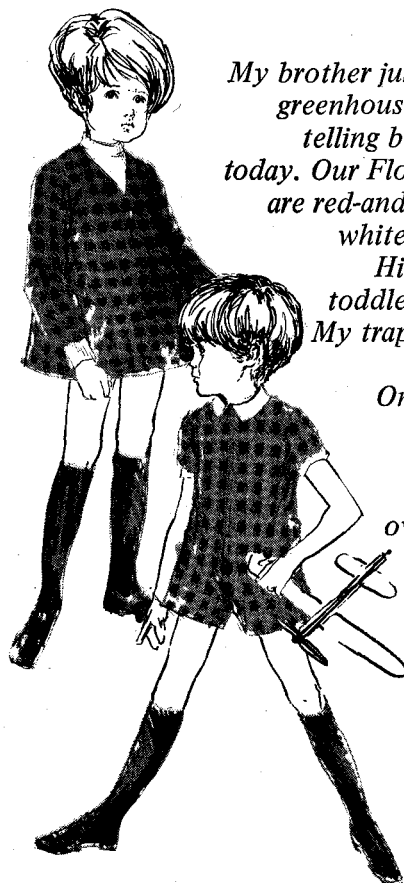


for an apartment house in Brookline, Massachusetts, has a built-in waterfall. Because apartment houses are generally rather dull-looking by day and yet interesting at night, when residents' lights go on in a random pattern, she has designed the Brookline apartment house with windows of different shapes and sizes scattered all over the façade. The daylight effect may strike the observer as a trifle wayward, but Mrs. Smith feels that it is justified—that human, sometimes haphazard architecture is something that keeps people in a city.

"One thing the planning statistics never take into account is that there are some people who don't want to live in split-levels, surrounded by half-acre plots of grass to mow, or even in Colonial houses in the middle of open country," she said. "There are urban people, who want to live in the centers of cities, if only you make it reasonably possible. What we tried to do in Southwest was make a place for this sort of person, who will put up with all the problems of the city as long as what he has to live in is first-rate and open to life. You should go down and see it. It has mistakes, but it has human corners—it isn't like those huge, lonely projects in New York. There are seventeen hundred and forty families living in Capitol Park, the first project in the renewal area, and about fifteen per cent of them are Negro. The Harbour Square section is going to have the world's largest willow tree. We have floating lights in one of the pools, which drift around in the wind. But, you know, when I tried to get a reflecting pool for Capitol Park, in 1957, they wouldn't give me a permit. They said the rats would come and drink from it. They said people would fall in. I went through weeks of bureaucratic hopscotch, pestering officials and researching regulations. It was no, no, no. Well, I finally found an ordinance permitting fountains, and so I put a fountain in the middle of my hundred-foot pool. That fixed them. You can't believe what it was like getting a sort of café-bar in the corner of a block of town houses I've just done in St. Louis. You'd have thought I was asking the federal government to go into the white-slave trade. Oh, I got it. We have to fight City Hall. It was worth the struggle."

I asked Mrs. Smith if, along with her love of city life, she didn't have at least a streak of country-liking.

"I do," she said. "My husband and I have an old house, sixty-five miles from here, that looks down the Gettysburg Gap. I get there at midnight on



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Saturday some weekends. But I find it hard to get away from here. Now and then, leaving here, I go over to Southwest at dusk, when the lights go on, and I learn things by watching people. Who knows? They just might get used to all that air, space, and the best views in town—it might start a trend. One night there, I was stopped by an elderly, military sort of gentleman. He said, 'I guess you're new here, the way you're looking around.' I had a moment in which to make a decision: Should I say I was the architect, and then face the stuff you have to face when you're the author of something? Instead, I said, 'Yes, I'm new.' And he replied, 'Oh, you're going to like it. Especially when the azaleas are out and the fountains are on. You'll like it.' It was the nicest thing that's ever happened to me."

THE next day, after a late lunch at an Italian restaurant near the Washington vegetable market, I took a walk through the Southwest Urban Renewal Area, which struck me as a clumsy, irritating name for such an interesting section. There was, of course, a good deal of renewal going on—blocks of apartments stood raw and unfinished amid piles of construction materials—yet Mrs. Smith had in no way oversold her product. Southwest was indeed a place for people who like cities. One felt it in the very act of walking, which was pleasant there. It was a pleasure to stand and stare, admiring the views, or simply to breathe the air that was being blown in fresh gusts from the river. The scale of Washington has been well preserved by Mrs. Smith, as master planner of the project, in wide spaces between low but solid buildings. All of the buildings struck me as successful, with the exception of an unrelievedly plain I. M. Pei apartment structure, whose expanse of glass windows at that afternoon hour was totally backed by an expanse of fawn curtains, all closed, and all the same color and tone as the masonry. Here the uniform reaction of the tenants to too much light produced a uniformly drab quality in the building, and made an effective demonstration of the point that what suits office buildings north of the Fortieth Parallel does not necessarily suit buildings south of it. The high standard of the Southwest buildings was better represented by two examples of Mrs.

Smith's own work—a series of town houses and the great set of brown-red apartment buildings called Harbour Square, which did a finer job of being influenced by the work of the Chicago master Louis Sullivan than most buildings do of being original. I sat for a while by the edge of a pool and fountain in a spacious courtyard of Tiber Island, another distinguished apartment group, and watched a young girl sketching. It was a sight one would see in Paris or Rome and think nothing of; here, amid these new elements of a city, it was a surprise and a tribute.

Dickens called Washington a city of magnificent intentions, with "broad avenues that begin in nothing and lead nowhere." The intentions, it occurred to me as I continued my walk, have started to be fulfilled in the last few years as never before; at least there are some ends and some beginnings. There do still remain things that would make Pierre L'Enfant unhappy, of course, such as the temporary buildings that were put up on the south side of the Mall during the First World War, but Washington is a city whose brilliant plan alleviates individual horrors, whether on that scale or on the even larger one of the House of Representatives' Rayburn Office Building, a blatant apotheosis of waste and tastelessness. The Mall, running between



the Capitol and the lawns of the Washington Monument, is the center of that plan, and, having been put to a variety of uses (including cattle enclosures), it is now being fully reinstated as the "public walk" that L'Enfant intended it to be. It is a fine, wide space channelled between imposing buildings and blocked dramatically by the scarp rising to the Capitol, over which the planner of the city wanted to redirect the waters of Tiber Creek in a hundred-foot-wide cascade. The grass expanse enables one to walk with a spring. Cars passing along the roads seem small, and the public buildings that delimit the space take on an appropriately symbolic quality: Justice; the National Gallery; Health, Education and Welfare; the Smithsonian (haven of curiosity and philanthropy); many monuments to remind one of mortality; and then, near the Capitol, such contemporary expressions of human nature as the Teamsters Union headquarters and the Veterans of Foreign Wars building. The plan seems to have collected them and regulated them, and, like all great

works of art, it appears to be not only fine in itself but a model for something greater and farther-reaching.

Where L'Enfant wanted the cascade to be I found instead General Grant. It was no disappointment. On a raised marble terrace stands a memorial triptych of Civil War figures cast larger than life in bronze. On one side, a cavalry troop charging; on the other an artillery battery, slogging through mud; and in the center, flanked by four lions, the General on a horse. The sculptor's name is chiselled on the base—Henry Merwin Shrady. Although Mr. Shrady's art may seem archaic, the result is magnificent. As I climbed up to it, a small Negro boy was spinning about the central terrace, alternately standing and crouching on a skateboard, whose wheels clattered on the marble paving. Above him, the horse rose high, its feet firmly planted, its head cocked to one side. The General, riding it, wore a large field hat whose brim was turned downward on all sides, so that even on that clear autumn day one felt an incessant rain beating down. Grant stared at the ground a dozen yards away. He had the abstracted gaze of someone taking a few seconds out from a long and difficult task to think of anything else—a meal, a drink, a warm bed. Yet there was something in the way he sat to let one know that although his attention had momentarily wandered, his resolution had not.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

(This is the last of a series of three articles on the Northeast Corridor.)

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"It's rare to catch bull redfish back in the bays," he continued. . . .

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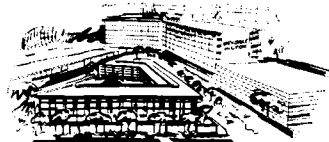


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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Heated Bandwagon

NORMAN JEWISON's "In the Heat of the Night" has a spurious air of concern about the afflictions of the real America at the moment, partly because it is about a gifted Negro up against a white bigot in Mississippi and partly because it is photographed in a portentous way. But the film is essentially a primitive rah-rah story about an underdog's triumph over a bully, and in the times that Americans are living through now the things in it that are merely simple seem simplified to the point of odiousness.

The underdog, played by Sidney Poitier, is pulled in by the bully, a police chief, played by Rod Steiger, on a charge of suspected murder. The prisoner takes his time about theatrically revealing that he happens to be an ace homicide investigator from up North. The Steiger character, chewing gum like a cement mixer and waxing in venom, loses no chance to kick him in the teeth, but maneuvers him into supplying professional help in a search for the real murderer. The livid Dr. Watson then has to stand by while the ill-used Sherlock Holmes pulls off detective feats that seem devised to diminish audiences of Negroes and white liberals alike into mobs of hysterically partisan kids. He turns out to have an encyclopedic knowledge of orchids, for instance. You expect him to ask quietly if Steiger has read his monograph on the subject. And when the hypomaniac police chief fastens on another random suspect, the cool expert has only to feel the tendons in the man's forearm to establish that he is incapable of having carried out the crime. There is a predictable night interlude when the rivals suddenly come together and speak for a second of their common loneliness, thus tritely demonstrating that we are really all the same, though I can't think of any first-rate film, play, or book that isn't unconsciously dedicated to the fact that we are all inconsolably different. The movie ends, as self-aware problem pieces will, with a wan scene which asserts that Nothing Is Solved, landing on the conclusion with a truist's thud.

Perhaps the makers of the film thought of it as a folk myth. Sometimes this seems all too likely. There is something instantly implausible, and

self-commending as well, about a supposed myth that happens to be so topically on the accepted good side. I don't suppose that Shakespeare suddenly shook Anne Hathaway awake in the middle of the night because the idea for "Hamlet" had come to him out of a conviction that there was something terribly wrong with the Danish monarchical system. And surely the one thing that a myth can't conceivably know is that it is mythic, just as the one thing that even the wisest pre-Socratic philosopher didn't know was that he was pre-Socratic. "In the Heat of the Night" seems to be made



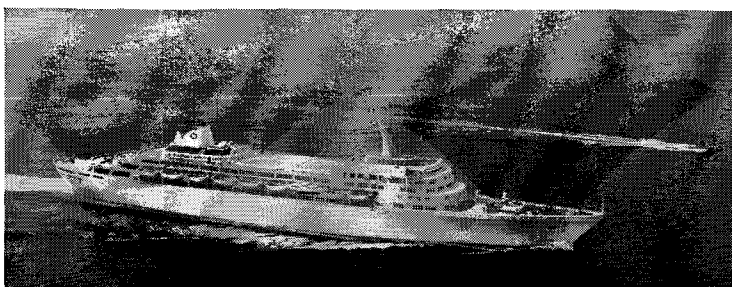
up of a great deal of attitudinizing and very little instinct.

IN the late twenties, Beatrice Lillie appeared in the film "Exit Smiling" as the bottle-washer member of a tenth-rate touring company. The leading lady was inevitably laid low one day with ham's sore throat, or something, and Miss Lillie got her chance. She climbed like lightning out of her usual parlor-maid's costume and into the star's seduction clothes, waylaid only for a moment by the hanger that she had left in the shoulders, and lay on a sofa onstage in her slithery black dress to be ravished by a cad in riding boots. All went as it should go in melodrama, except that she looked for a second at her watch over her lover's shoulder, which is something that people do only in real life; and she looked, moreover, at a watch made apparently for a musician, worn under her evening dress, around the ankle.

"Enter Laughing"—from the Carl Reiner book about show biz in the thirties that was adapted by Joseph Stein into a play and has now been turned into a film, directed by Reiner—often reminded me of "Exit Smiling," subject and title apart. Elaine May, cast as the lanky daughter of José Ferrer, who plays an actor-manager of the old school of bossy boomers, has an off-center practicality that is every bit as engrossing as Miss Lillie's. (She is also much more skillful than most strongly individualized performers at playing scenes with other actors.) Like "Luv" last week, "Enter Laughing" is a tame container for her, but it is impossible not to be riveted by her funniness and her brains. Now that



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she has made her doubting way into two films, I hope someone will have the wit to let her write her own script for the next, instead of exploiting her to energize Broadway rehashes.

The dubiety expressed in the long, beautiful, yawning-dromedary face is part of her comic temperament. So is the intelligence, which is characteristically obdurate and out of step at a time when comedians often trade on being victimized and gormless. A lot of the acting now regarded as funny in films has been wretchedly debased by the response-begging of television performances. Elaine May asks nothing. Her personality is there to be taken or left; she does nothing to sell it. She is like a buffoon in Dostoevski—aware of her existence as profoundly ludicrous but never of her manner as funny. She seems movingly a self-creation, with idiosyncrasies rooted in her own sensible incredulity about commonly accepted states of affairs. At the simplest physical level, her point of view is expressed in the position she seems to take toward her clothes. In "Luv" and in "Enter Laughing," she obediently dresses as women are supposed to when they want to be womanly, and keeps having a go at high heels and spangled cocktail things that have the glum glitter of those neon signs saying "GAS—EAT," but she sometimes lets slip a hint of an enormous longing to wash her hands of the whole dumb endeavor. One's own strong impulse is to relieve convention's uncomplaining hostage and put her in jeans and gum boots. Like Bea Lillie tangling with a stole, Miss May has a scene in which she contends pleasantly with a red feather boa, and you can see her quelling a small pang of worry about wearing only a slip as she welcomes a man into her dressing room. She says, though, in her typical tone of nervous reassurance, that he must come in, this is the theatre.

To anyone not yet totally brainwashed by the womanliness dogma, Elaine May's alert part is a lot more sympathetic than the numb bridal prospect, played by Janet Margolin. Practically every commercial American film now seems to be stuck with some milk-drinking, self-absorbed young nullity as the marriageable heroine, even though she would obviously drive anyone up the wall after five minutes of living with her. It is a sad falling-off from the days of, say, Katharine Hepburn, and also a gross misrepresentation of the capacities of the American theatrical profession, that the young female leads now should so often be played by

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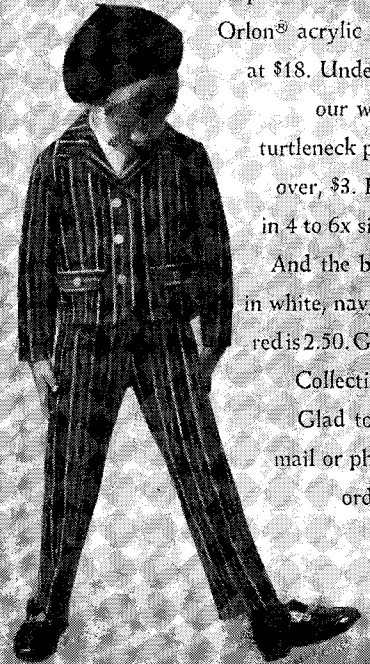
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the most regularized, vitamin-fed, technically dull beauties available, in spite of the quantities of American actresses with more character and more uncapped teeth. The stagestruck boyfriend of this particular film, who would be better off celibate, is another machine-belt product of dentistry and orange juice, played by Reni Santoni. The part represents the usual bashfully healthy hero of current American comedy—all gulping sex-starvation and afraid to ask. Again, there is a young character role in the film—played by Michael J. Pollard, a good actor with a squashed-looking face out of Hogarth—that is made to seem a hundred times more rewarding as screen company.

José Ferrer is genuinely and surprisingly funny. He calls the hero "boy" in an Olympian but worn-out roar, like God waked from sleep on the seventh day. He has to coach the lad in an unspeakable melodrama, full of prodigally spent apostrophes, which generally turn out to be addressed to the empty air, since the boy nearly always misses his cue. In an audition to cast the part, Miss May has been perfectly charming to a scared and extremely short candidate who says, as if it were his last hope, that he is going to be twenty-seven. "Yes," she says, in that comforting and ventriloquial voice, "I'm sure you will be." Shelley Winters is rather funny as the boy's maddeningly self-effacing mother, who moans on about wanting him to be a druggist. But, oh Lord, those juvenile leads who are supposed to be so appealing! There was a time when Hollywood knew that guts and peculiarities are better box office than line-toeing and a perfect little nose.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

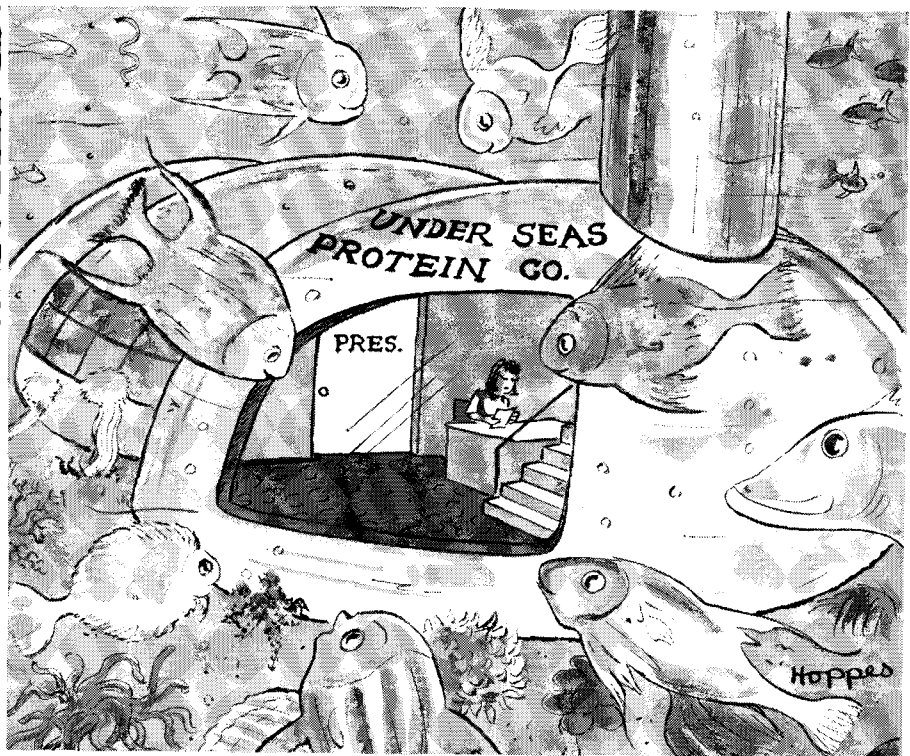
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—Boston Globe.

Well, you needn't get toplofty.

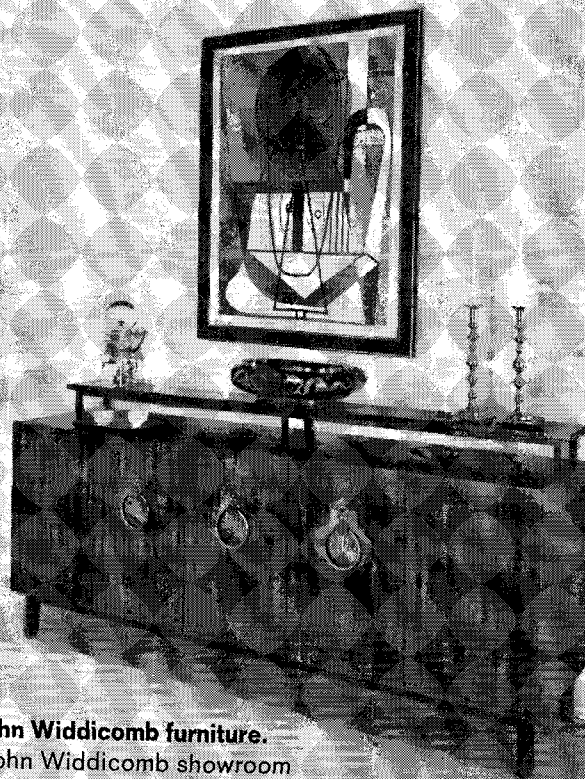


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THE RACE TRACK

Two for the Ladies

THE big surprise of the Sorority Stakes at Monmouth last Saturday was that Queen of the Stage didn't have an easy time winning it. To aficionados grown accustomed to her galloping home by six, seven, or nine lengths it was a shock to realize that she had to do her utmost to beat Cockey Miss, a little number they'd hardly given a thought to, by half a length. Although seven two-year-old fillies went to the post for the Sorority, it was a two-horse race. Cockey Miss was quickest out of the starting gate, but Queen of the Stage passed her in a few strides, and together they stepped the first quarter in 0:22½ and the half mile in 0:45. They slowed down slightly in the last quarter, and finished the six furlongs in 1:10, with Gay Matelda coming up fast and missing second place by a nose. It was the fourth straight for Ogden Phipps's Queen, who picked up first money amounting to \$62,190—more than twice as much as she earned in her three previous starts. I expect her next one will be in the Spinaway Stakes at Saratoga on the twenty-third. It's at six furlongs, too, but I'd say she will make it. As for Cockey Miss—and she's all of that—she is by Our Hope, a son of Uncle Miltie. (Remember him?) She was bought for \$800 at the Timonium yearling sale and ran in a claiming race before she struck her stride. In the New Jersey Futurity, ten days before the Sorority, she won by eight lengths from colts. After that, Miss Barbara Gordon, who owns her, paid a supplementary entry fee of \$5,000 to put her in the Sorority. Not a bad move, for second money was \$20,730.

STRAIGHT DEAL, Hirsch Jacobs' reliable standby, came through in fine style last weekend in the \$118,275 Delaware Handicap, for fillies and mares, at a mile and a quarter, which wound up the meeting at Delaware Park. She carried 125 pounds, giving weight in chunks to the nine other runners, and won by nearly two lengths from Malhoa, with Miss Spin third. Well handled by Ussery, who usually rides her, she saved ground all the way to the turn for home and then went around the leaders, and that was that. In the four seasons Straight Deal has campaigned, she has started sixty-six times, and although she has won only

seventeen times, she has been in the money often enough to earn \$545,855.

AQUEDUCT, which opened on March 13th, closed last Saturday. (A hundred and twenty days, one after another, are too much for any track.) The event of the afternoon was the Tidal Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, at a mile and a furlong over the turf course, which never looked greener. Fort Marcy, a three-year-old from the Rokeby Stable and a recent winner on the grass at Monmouth and Arlington, disposed of all opposition easily and sailed home by three lengths, Dunderhead taking second place by two lengths from Flit-To. War Censor, the top weight, under 128 pounds—no doubt because he had scored easily in his last four starts—was never in the picture.

HOLLYWOOD PARK also closed its meeting with a race on the grass—the Sunset Handicap, at a mile and a half. Hill Clown, who had a big advantage in the weights (he carried twenty pounds less than Pretense, for one), led from beginning to end. Pretense was second and Niarkos third. Assagai was a consistent fifth. Six ran.

COLONEL MARTINGALE says the price of yearlings is going far above rubies. Indeed, there never was such a sale as that at Keeneland last week, at which two hundred and eighty-four head were auctioned off for \$5,910,500. The top bidder was Frank McMahon, a Canadian millionaire oilman, who gave a quarter of a million dollars for a chestnut colt by Raise a Native out of Gay Hostess. The most liberal buyer, however, was C. W. Engelhard, the owner of Assagai, who got ten yearlings for \$622,000. Three of them were in the six-figure bracket—a colt by Hail to Reason out of Jolie Deja went for \$110,000, a colt by Sir Gaylord out of Little Hut for \$105,000, and a colt by Ribot out of Island Creek for \$100,000. Next week: The Saratoga Yearling Sales.

—AUDAX MINOR

Few of his compositions are extant but he keeps working at them and storing them away.—*Los Angeles Times*.

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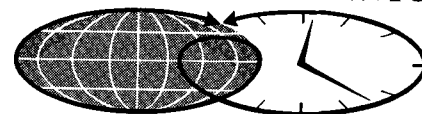
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LETTER FROM GENEVA

WITH wars dominating the news, the Eighteen Nation Disarmament Conference, which has been meeting here since March, 1962, would appear to be something of an anachronism. The delegates attending it, though, hold no such view. On the contrary, these envoys, convening twice weekly at the Palais des Nations, attach a greater urgency than ever to their deliberations, whose single purpose at this point is to formulate a worldwide treaty that would prevent the spread of nuclear weapons to those countries not yet in possession of them. Suggesting the unanachronistic nature of the conference, a Communist delegate, in whose embassy I was having tea the other day, remarked, "I wonder what the Egyptians might do now if they had an atomic bomb." It is the enactment of a so-called non-proliferation treaty—N.P.T., in disarmament parlance—that forms the basis of every session at the Palais. Nothing else is on the conference's agenda, the same delegate informed me. "It's become too pressing for us to concentrate on anything else," he said. This focussing on non-proliferation is no accident. As a

creation of the United Nations, the conference has been charged to do just that by the General Assembly in successive resolutions declaring, among other things, that it is "imperative" for the Eighteen Nation Disarmament Conference to give "highest priority" to the non-proliferation of nuclear weapons, on the ground that their spread "may lead to the aggravation of tensions between States and the risk of a nuclear war." Despite this concerted drive for an N.P.T., it can hardly be said that the conference here is moving rapidly toward its objective, for after hundreds of sessions at the Palais, and probably as many more disguised as cocktail parties, the diplomats are still a long way from resolving all their differences. But then, as is sometimes theorized here, speed is unlikely to figure in the promulgation of pacts that affect a government's control of its weapons; they are too familiar a supposed source of security.

Essentially, it appears, the conference is faced with negotiating an immense and multi-faceted trade between the United States and the Soviet Union, on the one hand, and almost all the rest of the world, on the other—namely, in return for a Soviet-Ameri-

can pledge to desist from transferring bombs to other governments, non-nuclear nations will abjure forever their freedom to make nuclear weapons. (Despite its hydrogen-bomb test on June 17th, China is considered too impoverished as a nuclear power to "proliferate" her limited hoard of explosives; the same is said here of the United Kingdom and France, the remaining members of the Nuclear Club.) As in any bargaining process, each side is out to get what it can. For the superpowers, as the United States and the Soviet Union are always called here, an N.P.T. would appear to be made to order, for it would, by definition, have the effect of preserving their preëminence as nuclear powers; indeed, their preëminence would be accentuated, since any proposed treaty would permit current members of the Nuclear Club to go on making weapons. As for the non-nucs—to employ another shop term—things are not so clear. All they stand to gain, it seems, are the high-minded goals set forth in the General Assembly resolutions—that is, a *pax atomica* through the avoidance of "an uncontrollable nuclear-arms race" that "would endanger the security of all States and hamper the achievement of general and complete disarmament." In short, the incentives for the non-nucs coincide with those of mankind as a whole, which is an odd state of affairs, since, as has been recognized for a very long time, any self-respecting government is primarily concerned with its own national interests. Thrust into the unaccustomed role of idealists, most of the non-nucs here, I find, look upon the projected treaty with a distinct wariness, suspicious that somewhere in its garden of benign, abstract inducements lies the non-nucs' undoing. It is not at all uncommon to hear these delegates speak of the "sacrifice" their countries will make in forfeiting the option of manufacturing bombs. Non-nuc delegates also characterize the treaty as "discriminatory," maintaining that it would make the rich richer, and even the superpowers concede this. By looking hard for them, I did manage to find two individuals who were willing to argue against that word "discriminatory." One of these, the scientific adviser to a pro-United States delegation, remarked that when it comes to nuclear weapons it is not necessarily better to give than to receive, as the Good Book counsels. "By not being given weapons," he said, "the non-nucs may be receiving a better world." He considered it no sacrifice, he went on, for a non-nuc to spare



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itself the enormous expense of producing bombs that might only frighten a neighboring state into following suit. For example, he suggested, if India chose to become a nuclear power because of the threat posed by China, wasn't it likely that Pakistan, on India's border, would also decide to acquire its first bombs? As this man saw it, an N.P.T. would surely have the tonic effect of reducing the importance of nuclear weapons in international politics; after a treaty is put through, he predicted, people everywhere may come to think of non-conventional weapons as non-usable.

Unlike the scientific adviser, the other opponent of "discriminatory" whom I turned up suspected certain non-nucs of deliberately circulating the word. "They're fighting an N.P.T.," he said flatly. "For years they've been able to sit back and sanctimoniously criticize the United States and Russia for bickering over the banning of bomb tests, or over whether to let Germany share American weapons, but now that the issue is squarely up to them, we see that they're just as wrapped up in their own national interests as the super-powers are." This man—a senior diplomat who has devoted his career to disarmament activities since the end of the Second World War—was beside himself at the thought that the conference might let slip through its fingers so great a prize as an N.P.T. Russia and the United States might not be cooperating elsewhere, he said, but here in Geneva they were, and when, he wanted to know, could one again count on their pulling together harmoniously for something as important as the treaty? "Discriminatory!" the diplomat exclaimed, puffing indignantly. "Why, you could say that's what the U.N. itself is, what with only five members able to exercise the veto! Isn't that what the world is? Why is Greenland's weather foul and the Gulf of Mexico's fair? Why is South Africa rich in diamonds? Who says it's right for America to have so many computers?"

Specifically, the split at the conference grows out of two articles in the treaty under discussion. One of them concerns the voting procedure for periodically revising the agreement. No fewer than four approaches have been broached. Several non-aligned countries here lean toward the view that a simple majority of signatories should suffice to amend the treaty. Another ap-

proach, reflecting the attitude of NATO countries, would permit individual governments to decide for themselves whether they care to accept changes. The United States favors passage of amendments by a two-thirds majority, and the Soviet Union, veto-minded, is agreeable to a majority vote provided the amendments are affirmed by all nuclear powers. Given the purely procedural quality of the article, the controversy over its adoption is being waged with considerable spirit, but this, in the opinion of a British representative, is no surprise. "At bottom, the discussion turns on the degree to which one is prepared to live in a nuclear world ruled by a Soviet-American hegemony," he said. "It would be a bit much, don't you think, if that were accepted without debate?"

It is the second article, though, that lies at the heart of the conference's difficulties. Concerned with the daily operation of the treaty, this article—Article III—sets forth the system of inspecting nuclear reactors, or furnaces, that are supposedly being used for research, the production of electric power, the large-scale desalinization of water, and other civilian conveniences. However, one of the by-products of these reactors is plutonium—a fissionable material—and it is entirely possible that it could be used for clandestine weapons-making. Quite unsuspected, such reactors are already functioning in a number of countries; three years from now, the task of watching these and other reactors will be truly formidable, for by then, it is estimated, the technology for making bombs with plutonium may be known to as many as twenty countries. By 1980, according to the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission,



reactors engaged in peaceful pursuits will every day produce as a by-product enough plutonium for a score of atomic bombs. Despite the fact that the problem may soon be out of reach, a system of uniform international safeguards appears to be anything but imminent. Instead, Article III has released a flood of nationalistic aspirations on the part of non-nucs, each highly conscious of its own bargaining power in assessing the treaty provision. Indeed, it might be mentioned in passing, the present assertiveness of most non-nucs is so pronounced that more than one disarmament expert here has speculated whether it might be a side effect of the war in Vietnam, where the

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sight of a small country standing up to a superpower has become dramatically familiar.

The struggle over Article III has to do with whether authority for inspecting the reactors of signatories is to be vested in the International Atomic Energy Agency, an offshoot of the United Nations that since 1961 has been making certain that nuclear plants in numerous countries are not being used for weapons production. The general disposition of the conferees, as far as I can determine it, is strongly for having the I.A.E.A. installed as the sole administrator of a system of uniform safeguards, but there is opposition from the Common Market countries—West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg—of which only France and Italy have official standing at the conference. They prefer to be inspected by the European Atomic Energy Community (Euratom), a Common Market organization, with headquarters in Brussels, that was formed in 1958 to assist the six countries in conducting nuclear research and generally integrating Western Europe as an industrial force along nuclear lines. Given these objectives, Euratom—in contrast to the I.A.E.A.—has not especially concerned itself with preventing the manufacture of weapons, its inspectors limiting themselves to noting whether a project is destined for civilian or (as has been the situation with France) military use. The Euratom proponents say that this does not undermine their case. With a few alterations, they hold, Euratom easily could be reshaped to accommodate the treaty; moreover, they claim, their organization is more efficient than the I.A.E.A., being older and having more highly trained inspectors. The principal argument against Euratom is that it would be a step in the direction of self-inspection to allow a small group of industrialized countries—West Germany among them—to maintain their own autonomous setup for keeping tabs on one another. As Ambassador Hussein Khalaf, of the United Arab Republic, told me, "The treaty's safeguards must be international in character, and therefore it will take an international agency to administer them. The I.A.E.A. is the only organization of this kind. Euratom is a regional group, regardless of how many inspectors it has on its staff. If Euratom countries are permitted to practice self-

inspection, then why not the Warsaw Pact countries? If we indulge a multi-system of regional pacts, it could mean the end of the treaty."

Should Euratom eventually lose out, as is generally forecast here, trimming its powers will be no simple proposition, according to one American delegate with whom I talked. In the organization's ten years, he said, it has so entrenched itself as a bureaucratic entity that it won't just curl up and die, even at the command of its progenitors. "Euratom has developed a life of its own as a force in modern Europe," the American told me. "Trying to make it take a back seat may be as hard as firing a Supreme Court Justice." The current American position, incidentally, is to support Euratom's present status; our ambassador to the conference, William C. Foster, stoutly insisted to me that it is a going enterprise whose safeguards could be fitted into a larger I.A.E.A. framework. Nearly everyone I interviewed—East, West, or non-aligned—considers that our ambassador is conducting an uphill, and time-consuming, campaign that, in retrospect, will amount to little more than a *pro forma* salute to our German ally.

While most non-nucs here may know exactly how they stand on the question of Euratom versus I.A.E.A., as well as on other matters related to an N.P.T., it is doubtful whether they will sign anything until they feel their interests are being met. Since these vary from country to country, the assurances being sought cannot be spelled out in the treaty, all of which gives rise to intense backstage activity. Much of this, I find, is directed at making certain that the treaty won't create conditions for "nuclear blackmail," by which is meant

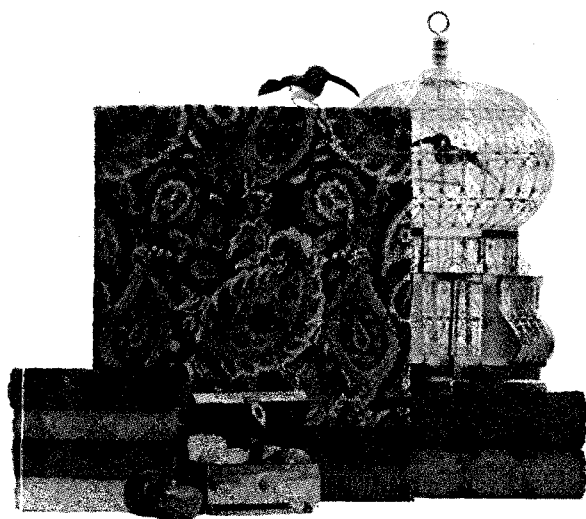


the bullying of a non-nuc by a nuclear power bent on gaining some advantage or other. Naturally, all the conferees are aware of this possibility, but each wants to forestall it in his own way. Sweden and India, for instance, are diametrically opposed on how to secure themselves against nuclear blackmail. The Swedes want no guarantees of protection against it, finding the mere prospect almost disconcerting. Speaking emphatically, the Swedish ambassador, Madame Alva Myrdal, told me, "We don't want our neutrality guaranteed by other powers, nuclear or otherwise. We want to develop in our own way." India, on the other hand, also wants to remain non-aligned but will take all

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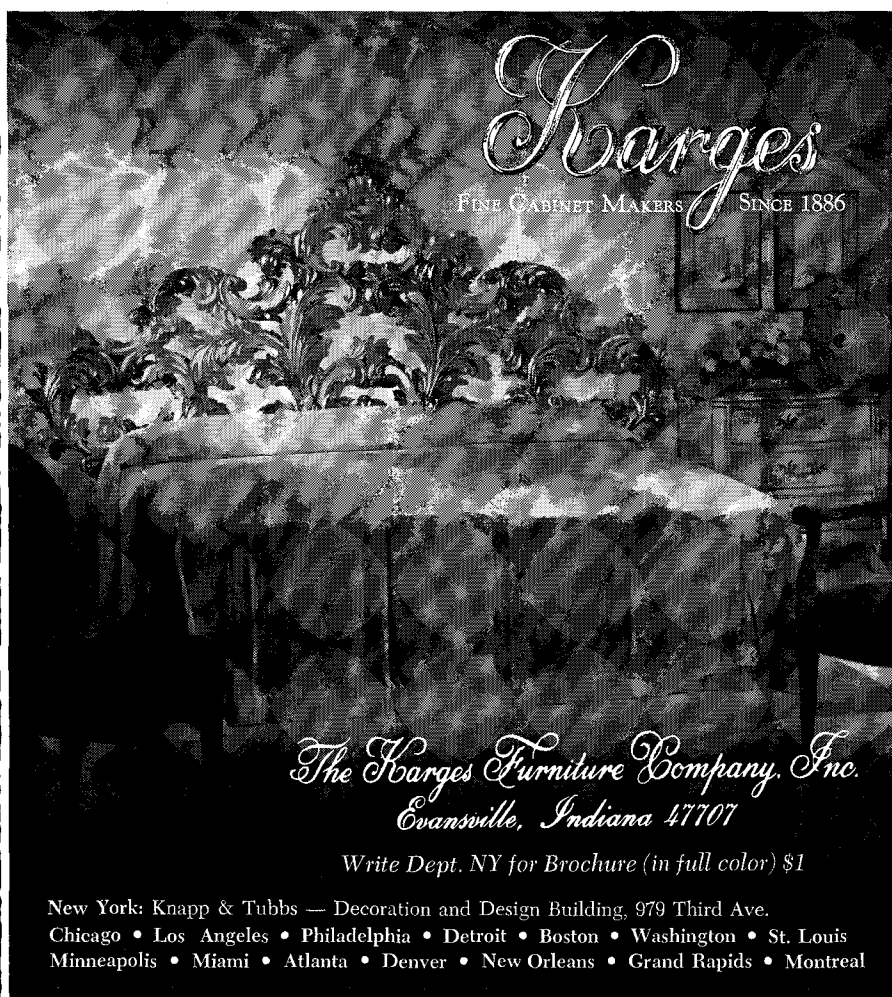
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the help she can get toward that end. In fact, she is hoping for nothing less than the protection of both superpowers, her thinking being guided by the possibility of Chinese blackmail. "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun"—that's one of Mao's maxims," I was reminded by Ambassador V. C. Trivedi. "China's political philosophy today recognizes the concept of 'a just war.' That's why her stockpiling of weapons is different from America's or the Soviet Union's." Before saying this, the Ambassador held forth eloquently on the urgent need of general and complete disarmament and, like other diplomats here, engaged in the standard practice of laying down a smoke screen of pieties. "India is a very moral country," he told me at one point.

Another concern of the non-nucs is that an N.P.T. may hurt them commercially, for government leaders know full well that the economy of the future is going to be steeped in the atom's civilian applications. Brazil, for example, wants something that may or may not be granted. That vast country is currently persuaded that the employment of nuclear explosives in blasting for dams, diverting rivers, and freeing petroleum deposits could do wonders for its economy. The scheme is at once confronted by the fact that weapons can be made of such explosives. "We don't mind giving up bombs, but why can't we engage in perfectly peaceful activities?" Ambassador A. F. Azeredo da Silveira, of Brazil, asked rather plaintively. The situation may not be hopeless, the suggestion having been made that nuclear powers might sell their blasting services at cost to non-nucs, these services to be performed under the aegis of an international commission. Touching on this suggestion, Ambassador Foster told me that while he himself saw drawbacks, it may well prove possible for the United States to carve out dams or whatever for a foreign client. For the past fifteen years, he said, we have been developing so-called peaceful explosives—devices whose concentrated power, as the Ambassador guardedly put it, is calculated "to do a lot of things." The techniques for using the devices are still unperfected, he said, but if and when they are perfected there is little question but that the firing will be done by an American team. Explaining this, the Ambassador said, "I doubt that we'd let anyone else look at the cartridge, and this wouldn't be because we considered it a commercial secret that had cost us hundreds of mil-



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lions to develop. The fact is that if we were to show that cartridge we would be inviting others to look at one of our most sophisticated weapons."

Primarily, though, it is the reactors—their production, sale, and generation of electricity—on which the non-nucs are pinning their economic hopes. As a result, their delegates are especially alert to anything in the treaty that might favor one economic competitor over another. Some non-nucs feel that the weapons research being done by nuclear powers may be yielding technological knowledge that is also of commercial value; if that is so, it is argued, then the knowledge should be shared by all the treaty's signatories. The cry has been raised, too—particularly by West Germany—that industrial espionage may take place when inspectors, foreigners all, appear at a given nuclear plant to scrutinize its projects. These suspicions of "discrimination," it is widely believed here, are likely to persist until the controversy over Euratom is composed and a single organization is given over-all responsibility for verifying the activities of nuclear plants everywhere; in Ambassador Myrdal's phrase, this development will be good "for the sake of equity."

IN the meantime, many countries eager to get on with planning their economic future are keeping an eye on the Eighteen Nation Disarmament Conference. Officials of these countries frequently fly in for a round of private talks with various conferees. One such recent visitor was Hiroto Tanaka, Japan's ambassador-at-large in charge of disarmament, who told me that his country was strong for an N.P.T. "But, as the United Nations has resolved," he added, "there must be a balance of the rights and obligations of both nuclear and non-nuclear powers." His country, he said, is currently negotiating with the United States for a thirty-year supply of uranium. Assuming a steady supply of the ore, he said, the peaceful utilization of the atom might prove ideally suited to his country's needs. "We are a leading industrial nation but without natural resources to speak of," he said. "Eighty-five per cent of our land is mountainous, and a hundred million of us live in an area smaller than California. We feel confident that we can apply our technological talents to exploiting the atom, and that it will help us develop new industries."

"Has China's emergence as a nucle-

ar power induced any Japanese sentiment for a bomb?" I asked.

"The Japanese people—almost unanimously—have no desire to have nuclear armaments, and this is simply a fact," he replied.

Another visitor I met was West Germany's Commissioner of Disarmament, Swidbert Schnippenkötter, who impressed me as more political-minded than his Japanese counterpart. If the treaty was to succeed, he said, its language had to be unambiguous, its assurances firm. "We don't want it hindering our peaceful nuclear activities," he declared. "We hope to export reactors. Our national survival depends on exports." To make certain his country wasn't being discriminated against at the Palais, the Ambassador said, he was in frequent consultation with Western conferees. "We not only aren't represented at the

conference but we don't even have observer status," he said. He spoke distrustfully of the Russians, his tone the same as I had heard the Russians use in relation to the Germans. He found it ironic that Russia, which had always rejected inspection for itself, should now be prescribing it for others. He wished inspection could be automated—it would lessen the chances of industrial espionage. The United States, he told me, was far more understanding of Germany's position on safeguards than was the Soviet Union. In any event, he went on, it was doubtful whether a non-proliferation agreement solely between the United States and the Soviet Union would cause everyone else to fall into line. This past winter, he said, the Soviet Union had charged that Germany was again building a war machine, and certain elements in his country, likening an N.P.T. to the Versailles Treaty, had reacted by calling for a German bomb. "But things are quiet now," Herr Schnippenkötter said. "Our latest opinion polls show that our public sees the idea of an N.P.T. in a balanced light."

On concluding their talks at Glassboro, President Johnson and Premier Kosygin made it clear that the single issue on which they were almost joined was an N.P.T., and both leaders stressed the importance of its early realization. This is certainly the feeling here, most delegates fearing that time may run out for their conference unless substantial progress can be reported this fall to the General Assembly. The consensus is that the longer the negotiations

remain static, the greater the likelihood that fresh imperfections will be discovered in the treaty by those countries which, without openly saying so, are finding it a hardship to renounce the possibility of bomb-making. Thanks to the impetus afforded by the meetings in Glassboro, a treaty may be formulated this summer—but a treaty that will leave blank the controversial Article III, which means that those non-nucs that see fit to produce weapons clandestinely are free to do so. The formulation of a treaty, nevertheless, would be highly welcome. It would obligate its signatories—except for the members of the Nuclear Club—not to manufacture nuclear weapons, and it would prohibit all transfer of them by anyone. Agreement on these basic promises, it is believed here, would give the conference momentum and, conceivably, arouse a degree of world approval that might soften the intransigence of France and China, the two nuclear holdouts.

No one I have met here is under the illusion that the enactment of an N.P.T.—even one with no blank articles—would automatically open new vistas in the field of disarmament. Without a treaty, though, it is conceded on all sides, the negotiators stand little chance of ever getting anywhere with banning underground nuclear tests, pressuring the superpowers to stop turning out bombs, and devising ways of depleting existing stockpiles. All that is claimed for an N.P.T. is that it may prevent the growth of the Nuclear Club, and this, it is emphasized here, would be no small achievement. It will buy governments further time in which to ponder their dilemmas, and while there is no telling the number of respites that remain, presumably one of them will finally reveal whether governments can refrain from firing in anger the latest version of the latest mightiest weapon. It is a feat unknown to history.

—DANIEL LANG

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts

I HAD a seventh-grade geography teacher who grabbed inattentive pupils by their wattles with a thumb and forefinger and, vigorously shaking their heads back and forth, rumbled, "Now, *listen!*" It was an unfailing corrective, and it should sometimes be applied to the American music-listening public, which has slighted an extraordinary amount of excellent and original music. Consider Jeremy Steig, the remarkable twenty-four-year-old flutist and leader of the revolutionary new quintet, Jeremy and the Satyrs. In addition to getting the stone ear since his career began, three years ago, Steig has been bedeviled by all sorts of other black magic. Denny Zeitlin, the flashy pianist in Steig's first and only recording, "Flute Fever," has undeservedly received far more critical and popular attention than Steig. Late last winter, Steig made his first appearance with the Satyrs, in a small club on West Fifty-sixth Street, but the club is not well known, there was no publicity, and by the time the excited word got around, the group had departed. It whistled through another week of empty houses not long after at the Village Vanguard, where its electronic equipment made the lights flicker and the fuses blow. And last Thursday, when it gave its first concert, in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, it was nearly obliterated by an inexcusably poor amplification system. Adrian Guillary, Steig's blues shouter, who doubles on guitar, harmonica, and violin (all electrified), was wholly inaudible except when he played guitar. Warren Bernhardt's piano and clavinet suggested heat lightning, and Steig himself sounded either elephantine or weedy. Eddie Gomez, Steig's new, first-rate bassist, was audible, as was Don MacDonald, his drummer. (MacDonald possesses consummate cool. When his foot pedal broke, during a fast blues, he got up, calmly searched his equipment case, and walked off the bandstand into the trees. A minute or so later, he reappeared with another pedal, fastened it on, and took up where he had left off. Not many drummers hide spare foot pedals in the bushes when playing outside.) For all this, the group came through. It is, of course, prophetic, and it may well have a great deal to do with rescuing jazz from its current doldrums and eccentricities, for it combines jazz

improvisation, intonation, and attack with the rhythmic drives of rock and roll, ragas, and Afro-Cuban music. Moreover, unlike the majority of jazz groups of the past twenty years, it can be listened to *and* danced to. There were many fine moments. Bernhardt and Steig were stunning in a blues, "High Water James," and Gomez had at least twenty fingers in "So What." There was an exquisite passage in a new, unnamed ballad by Bernhardt when the piano and bass played a soft tremolo behind Steig, and the last two numbers, a slow rock and a fast rock, were rhythmically irresistible. Throughout, the group displayed the sort of marvellous interplay that Charlie Mingus and the Modern Jazz Quartet have championed for so long. The audience—a mixture of uptown hippies and downtown squares—sat on its hands most of the evening. My geography teacher would have been busy.



THE week before in the garden, Tony Scott, the forty-six-year-old clarinetist and baritone saxophonist who has spent most of the past decade spreading the gospel in the Far East, offered an omni-program that included a history of jazz, a number of Japanese, Indonesian, Indian, and Turkish songs, and a pair of plain old blues. Scott, like Hot Lips Page or Buddy Tate, is one of those curious jazz musicians whose style consists almost wholly of solid, naked emotion. He uses long-held notes, cries, hurtling runs, and growls. He prays to emotion and emotion responds. As a result, he makes every number seem of passionate concern, even when one lifts the hot lid of his playing and finds repetitiveness, rhythmic inadequacies, and a slick primitivism. Such was the case the other night in a raga and in a Turkish folk song, where he met complex rhythms with a disguised four-four approach, and in the blues, which had more steam than content. But the concert was a noble effort—jazz should be and is stalking the rhythms and harmonies of the East—and Scott's accompanists (pianist, bassist, drummer, and three young folk musicians who doubled on koto, sitar, tabla, guitar, and banjo) tumbled along after him. He is a pied piper, and pied pipers of good heart are indispensable.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT



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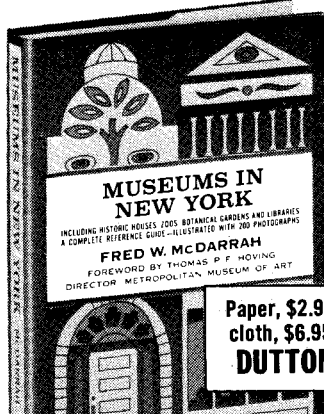
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FICTION

SOMETIMES, BUT NOT ALWAYS, by James Stevenson (Little, Brown). Joe Roberts, Mr. Stevenson's hero, is a free-lance joke writer. He lives in a suburb with his wife and any number of children, and he supports them all by selling ideas to cartoonists. He has been a Marine, an assistant press agent at a summer theatre, and the writer of a play that closed in Philadelphia. Now he is hired as a gag and idea man for a waning television program called "So What Else Is New?" and known as "SWEIN." One of his first assignments is to find (finding almost amounts to disinterment in this instance) a certain fuddled, obsolete song-and-dance man and persuade him to appear in a humiliating role on the show; coaching him in the part, he becomes an unwilling (but not quite unwilling enough) instrument of the poor old fellow's destruction. Roberts is so much on the move that the reader is given small opportunity to examine him and come to know him. Yet even though the story, which runs to only a hundred and seventy pages, is frail, it is somehow strong enough to support any amount of wit and sharp observation—visual and aural. Mr. Stevenson briefly and indelibly hits off the atmosphere of every milieu in which his hero sets foot, and the peculiar quality of everybody he runs into.

NIGHT FALLS ON THE CITY, by Sarah Gainham (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Miss Gainham, a charming and interesting writer, has forced so much into her novel about Vienna during the Second World War that action takes over—the inexorable, malignant, and many-handed action of war and of different varieties of persecution—so that the characters, in their increasing helplessness and increasingly courageous endurance, become passive mechanical objects reacting mechanically to mounting pressure. In other words, this book is too long. Julia, beautiful and celebrated star of the Burgtheater; her Jewish husband, Franz, a brave and thoughtful man; and their heroic maid, Fina, all so brightly alive at the start of the story, are soon lost to view in events, explanations, and exposi-

tions. As a panoramic picture of what took place in Vienna from March, 1938, to May, 1945, this book is entirely successful and convincing, and Miss Gainham's concluding paragraphs are superb. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

SUEZ, by Hugh Thomas (Harper & Row). The British historian ("The Spanish Civil War") has found out as much as he could—some records have been destroyed, others are not available—about the Suez crisis of 1956. His meticulous and fascinating work is written with no malice, and no charity, either. Mr. Thomas criticizes the unreality of his own country's policy: England should not have hoped to overthrow an Arab leader and still keep the friendship of Arabs. He also objects to Anthony Eden's extraordinary decision not to consult or inform the Opposition before making war. Nobody emerges from Mr. Thomas's complex tale with credit: the French exaggerated the help Nasser gave the Algerian rebels, Nasser behaved like an unreliable third-rater, the Israelis wound up taking the political rap for their allies, the Americans decried colonialism to win friends and influence in their allies' spheres, and the Russians wept for the Egyptians without ceasing to slaughter Hungarians. Mr. Thomas cannot find an ethical, let alone a diplomatic, moral, but he does suggest two practical consequences: the failure of the Anglo-French intervention, he thinks, wrecked the Entente Cordiale, and the life-or-death financial pressure to which the United States subjected Great Britain taught the latter never again to attempt an independent foreign policy.

THE END OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE?, by Georges Friedmann, translated from the French by Eric Mosbacher (Doubleday). Can what we call the Jewish spirit—the tradition of intellectuality and the highly developed sense of ethical and moral values that two thousand years of persecution could not quench—continue to flourish in the atmosphere of a permissive, technologically efficient, and affluent society administered by Jews alone? Is it not possible that the success of Israel is creating a new kind of Jew, subject to the same pressures

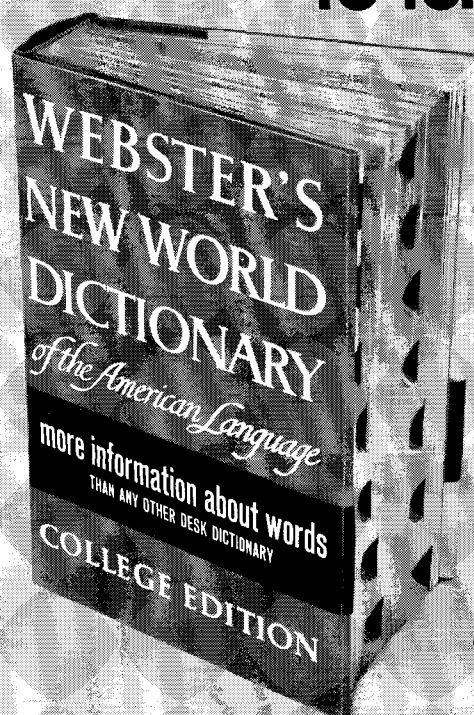
of mass culture and materialist concerns as the nationals of other modern states—a "Hebrew-speaking Gentile"? Mr. Friedmann, an agnostic Jew who teaches sociology at the Sorbonne, has made two visits to Israel in recent years, and his study of the country is probing, thoughtful, and modestly written; he is not out to make a case for or against anything, and he has no easy answers.

THE DIARY OF ANAÏS NIN, VOLUME II, 1934-39, edited and with a preface by Gunther Stuhlmann (Swallow; Harcourt, Brace & World). This volume continues the themes of the first. Friendship: Miss Nin keeps up old friendships (Henry Miller, Otto Rank) and makes new ones (Lawrence Durrell). Work: She briefly practices psychoanalysis in New York; in Paris she takes on the unpaid, exhausting chores of mothering a Marxist, an astrologer, some poets, and several troubled women, and she does some good writing of her own. Femininity: Miss Nin has been preoccupied with femininity both as an abstract concept and as a personal attribute; in practice, it seems to have meant self-sacrifice almost to the point of self-destruction, plus a self-consciousness that is not wholly appealing.

THE COOL MILLENNIUM, by Gerald Sykes (Prentice-Hall). An attractive, original book that puts a number of important questions, opinions, and speculations about contemporary values in a diverting form. Though Mr. Sykes' book is not a novel, nor an imitation Socratic dialogue, it uses characters, including Mr. Sykes himself and three of his students, to expound ideas and display varieties of modern American temperament. The work somewhat mysteriously combines contradictory qualities—unshowy brilliance, quiet panache, mature freshness—which all add up to high-class entertainment together with considerable intellectual profit.

THE POWER STRUCTURE: POLITICAL PROCESS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY, by Arnold M. Rose (Oxford). A first-class work by a well-known American sociologist who has been active in politics. Mr. Rose's experiences have led him to believe that power in the United States is fairly widely dispersed, not centralized. Instead of C. Wright Mills' conspiratorial "power élite," Mr. Rose has discovered innumerable groups, each with some power in some areas, sometimes overlapping, sometimes

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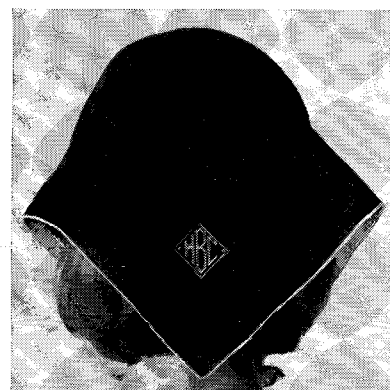
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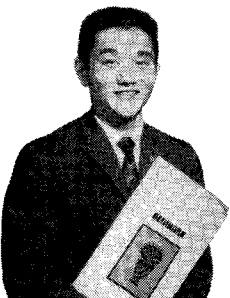
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competing, and sometimes, on some issues, just muddling. An all-purpose, national, decision-making group ("Wall Street," "big labor"), he says, does not appear if one looks very carefully, and the public in general has never thought it did. Mr. Rose's book includes imaginative research; for instance, he compared personality studies of the leaders of all sorts of organizations in Minnesota with studies of a cross-section of ordinary citizens to see how American leaders differ from American followers. Along with the author's sharp thinking, these thoughtful investigations produce much enlightenment.

MUSTANG: THE FORBIDDEN KINGDOM, by Michel Peissel (Dutton). Mustang is a rocky, windswept Himalayan principality bounded on the south by the Anapurna Range of Nepal and on the north, east, and west by Tibet. Its language is Tibetan, its religion is Lamaism (or Tantric Buddhism), its capital, Lo Mantang (pop., 1,000), is built at an elevation of 12,600 feet, and its culture, economy, and social structure closely resemble those of Europe in the Middle Ages. Mr. Peissel, a young French adventurer and amateur anthropologist, spent the spring of 1964 in that uniquely isolated country. He is one of the few Westerners ever to enter Mustang, and the only one whose visit lasted more than a day or two. He is also unusual in that he speaks and reads Tibetan, and in possessing a *laissez-passer* signed by the then Mustang monarch: "That in all of Lo by decree of the King the Frenchman who is two [he had a companion] is to be shown by Lama or Trawa [monk] all things in Monasteries as they are ignorant of them, and be allowed to see books. The King of Lo said." This account of Mr. Peissel's privileged experience is at once an adventure story, a history, and an anthropological study, and it is in every respect an absorbing one. Illustrated with photographs (many in color) by the author, and with maps.

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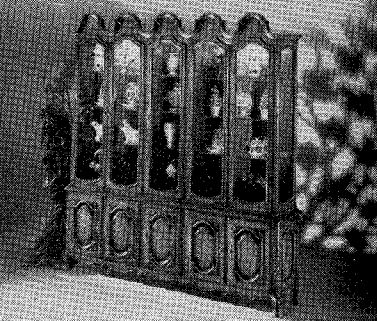
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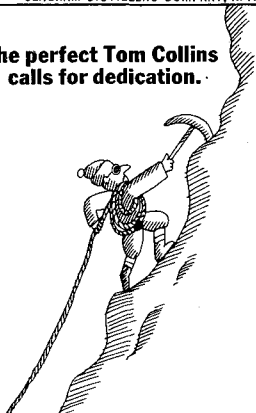
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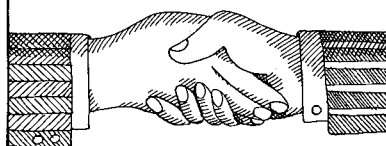
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